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THE WOOD WITCH:

—OR,—

THE DOUBLE PLOT.

A Story of the Bay Province.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER I.

THE ASSASSIN IN THE FOREST.

It was on a clear, calm forenoon in the spring of 1692, that a small boat pushed off from the shore at the mouth of the Beverly River, on the Salem side. The boat contained two persons. The first was a white youth, only a few months past his twenty-first year. He was of medium height, rather stout in frame, and perfectly symmetrical in the formation of body and limb. His features were not only regular, but they were absolutely handsome, while the ruddy glow of health threw an additional charm over the frank and manly face. His hair was a rich dark brown, waving about his well developed head in glossy curls; and his eyes, which were large and full, were of a dark, bluish gray, and a single flash from their mystic depths betrayed much of their owner's real character—quick, bold and impulsive, but frank, generous and noble—the heat of impetuous youth being tempered and regulated by a deep moral sentiment, and held in wholesome check by an innate principle of love and humanity. Such was Lucian Willis.

Lucian's companion was a negro. He was a stout, powerful fellow, some two or three inches over six feet in height, and possessing a breadth and thickness of breast and shoulders fully commensurate therewith. At first sight he might be taken for some black genie who had made his escape from one of Solomon's sealed bottles, but one look at his dark, genial face, where good-nature uniformly ruled, would dispel the illusion. His name was simply Cæsar, and he was bound to his young master by the strongest ties of love and gratitude. One stormy night in February, three years previous to the time at which we thus introduce the two boatmen, a West India trading brig was cast away upon Coney Island. Lucian Willis chanced to be upon the island at the time, having gone out on the previous day, and being prevented from returning by the sudden storm. The youth saw the wreck, and his utmost endeavors resulted in the saving of the black cook, all the rest of the crew being lost. The saved man gave his name as Cæsar, and assured his preserver that he never had any other name. And Lucian never yet had had occasion to regret the perils he encountered on that eventful night, for the negro had not only proved a great help in the matter of gaining provisions from the deep sea and from the thick wood, but he proved a noble, generous companion, and a shield against many dangers.

Lucian was at the present time habited in a sort of hunting suit, consisting of high-topped boots, deer-skin leggings, a doublet of the same material, and a shirt of blue woollen stuff, while upon his head he wore a close cap of tanned leather. The negro was dressed very much the same, only his shirt was brown, and much coarser than his young master's.

The boat was rowed up the river some three miles, where they came to a small cove which made up into a tangled mass of brushwood. Into this the boat was turned, and as the bows struck the inner bank the negro jumped out with the painter in his hand, and having secured it to a small tree he next took the rifles which the youth handed up.

"Now, Cæsar," said Lucian, as he reached the shore and took his rifle, "if we can find that deer we shall make a good trip of it."

"But dar's more'n one deer here, mas'r," returned the negro, raising the breech of his rifle, and feeling of the flint, to see if it was secure. "Dar's two or free, for sartin. But den if we gets one ob 'um we'll be doin' a mitey fine bizness."

"I just want to get my eye on one, that's all, Cæsar."

"Den he'll be ours for sartin," the black added, shaking his woolly head very expressively, as was his wont when he wished to convey a very fine compliment.

Without further remark Lucian shouldered his rifle and set forward, and his companion immediately followed his example. The way was by a narrow path through a thick wood of pine, and gradually ascending from the river. At length the path grew wider, and Cæsar came up by his master's side.

"Mas'r Lucian," he said, at the end of a very engrossing meditation, "what do you raily think ob dese folks dat hab been took up for witches?"

The youth started at the question, and for a moment a strange tremor shook his frame.

"It's a burning shame, Cæsar—that's what it is," he replied, with much feeling. "It's a cruel, fiendish fanaticism which has seized our people."

"But don't dey tell some mitey big stories, mas'r? 'Pears to me dat some ob de tings what dese ole women do am pooty sartin, eh?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why—dat some ob de—what ye call 'um—de—de—*evidence*, am rite to de p'int, eh?"

"Cæsar, I trust you are not yet befooled by the wickedness."

"O, no, mas'r. Gosh a'mitey, no. But den how could dat ole woman do so to dem little boys. Didn't she set 'em rite into fits? an' didn't she part de debbil into 'um?"

"No, Cæsar. That was but the offspring of revenge. Those children were put to the evidence they gave by one who wished to ruin the unfortunate woman."

"But de guh'ner—he tinks dey be witches," pursued the negro, whose mind naturally acknowledged the precedence of those high in power.

"Ay, and who is he?" uttered the youth, contemptuously. "A fellow who was born and reared in ignorance in the American forest; who then went to sea, and by chance fished up a sunken ship well stowed with gold. For giving up most of this to England he was knighted; and is now sent out here to be our governor. Sir William Phipps is a most fitting witch hunter."

This seemed to stagger Cæsar some, and before he could get another remark upon the subject framed in his mind, his attention was called to another subject, and that, too, quite suddenly.

"—sh! stop!" he uttered, seizing his companion by the arm. "Look dar! See dat man. I'spects, now, he's got his eye on a deer. Just see his rifle, eh? By golly, mas'r, we's lost 'um."

Lucian followed the direction pointed out by Cæsar's finger, and he saw the man alluded to. He was some ten rods distant, and partly concealed by a low growth of underbrush. He was in a kneeling position, with his head bent forward, and his rifle under his arm all ready to be brought to his shoulder. He appeared to be rather tall, though that fact could not be determined upon. He was not dressed in a hunting garb, nor did he have any horn or pouch in sight. His face was covered by a thick growth of black beard, and on his head he wore a hat, the rim of which was slouched down over his eyes. Of course his features could not be plainly seen at that distance, but yet the youth was satisfied that he had never seen the man before.

"Don't you s'pect he sees sumtin', mas'r?" whispered the negro.

"He either sees something, or else he is expecting—"

"Hark!" interrupted Cæsar. "Dar's sumtin' a comin'!"

"I hear," responded Lucian. "But it's not a deer. That's the tread of a horse."

"So it am, for sartin. But see! He's gwine to fire!"

At this moment the man raised his rifle to his shoulder, and in half a minute more he fired. The report rang out deep and clear, and in a moment more all was still. The man who had thus fired seemed to gaze intently upon the point towards which his rifle had been aimed for a few moments, and then he started to his feet and hurried away as rapidly as the nature of the way would allow. But he went not towards the object at which he had fired—his hurried steps were in exactly the opposite direction! A few seconds after the stranger had disappeared the two companions gazed upon each other in silence.

"What dat mean, eh?" Cæsar looked very earnest as he put this query.

"There's something dark about that," was Lucian's reply, as he shook his head dubiously.

The negro was upon the point of making some further remark when a low, moaning sound fell upon their ears. They both heard it at the same moment, and without speaking they started forward. Lucian knew that there was a wide bridle-path close at hand, and towards this he led the way. When he reached it he saw a horse, very richly caparisoned, standing in the centre of the path, and close by his side, upon the greensward, sat a man, leaning against a large pine tree, with both hands upon his side. He was groaning deeply, and it was not until the youth had reached his side that he noticed the approach of aid.

As the sufferer gazed up, Lucian was struck by the noble look of his face. He was a middle-aged man, not over five-and-forty years old, full and noble in frame, and habited in a garb which proved him at once to belong to the highest of the aristocratic circles of society.

"Are you badly hurt, sir?" asked the youth, stooping over and moving the sufferer's hat away from a small pool of blood which was slowly working towards it.

"Hurt?" uttered the stranger, in a painful tone. "I'm nearer killed than anything else. Didn't you hear the sound of my horse's feet?"

"Yes, sir, I heard it plainly."

"Then why, in heaven's name, were you not more careful?"

"Careful, sir? *We* more careful? You mistake, sir. It was not a shot from either of our rifles that did this work. Here, Cæsar, bring your rifle here. There, sir—you can see: neither of our pieces has been discharged."

The man looked first upon the negro's rifle, and then upon the youth's; and as the latter saw the look of wonder which was beginning to settle upon the wounded man's face, he said:

"We saw it all, sir; but first let us look to your wound, and then I will explain it all. You are bleeding freely, and attention to the case at once may prevent a fatal result."

"Then it was not you?" the stranger said, raising himself further up.

"No, sir. But allow me now to see your wound."

"Of course."

And thus speaking, the sufferer raised his arm, and Lucian slipped off the rich velvet riding-cloak, the doublet was next removed, and then with his hunting-knife the youth cut through the shirt. He found the wound just below the seventh rib upon the left side, and while he was cleansing it the man complained of sharp, torturing pains upon the opposite side near the back. As soon as the youth could staunch the wound he had found, which he did by causing Cæsar to press a 'kerchief against it, he tore away the dress from the other side. At first he could see nothing unusual, but soon he detected a small bunch near the back-bone, the surface of which was slightly discolored, and upon placing his finger thereon he felt a hard substance, which moved freely beneath his touch, and which gave the patient additional pain.

"It is the ball," said Lucian.

"Then out with it," cried the sufferer.

"I am not used to this kind of work," replied the youth; "but I can remove this if you say so; and I have no doubt that you would be better off with it out."

"Of course I should, so out with it."

Lucian accordingly took his knife, and having very carefully cut though the skin, he easily slipped the ball out. Having put the missile in his pocket, he sent Cæsar for some water, which he brought in his leather cap. He removed considerable clotted blood from this last wound, and as soon as they were both washed sufficiently he proceeded to bind them up. The ball had evidently passed back of the intestines, and if such was the case, then there was hope of life.

The wounded man regarded the youth with an eager, fixed look, and once or twice he seemed to forget his pain entirely, in contemplation of him who thus ministered to his comfort. The wounds were bound up as well as could be done, and then Cæsar raised the invalid to his feet.

"Do you think you can ride your horse, sir?" Lucian asked.

"Not without assistance, I fear."

"O, we mean to assist you, sir, until we see you in a place of safety; but I meant to ask if you could hear the motion of the beast?"

"O, yes. But whither can you carry me?"

The youth hesitated a moment, and then turning to Cæsar, he said:

"Mark Woodson is at home?"

"Yes, mas'r; an' he's a good man, too."

"So he is," returned Lucian. And then turning to the wounded man, he added: "There is an old hunter not far from here who would receive you most kindly. His hut is not a great way off, and we shall find him at home, I am sure. I would carry you at once to my own home, but that is some miles distant, and the undertaking would be too great for one in your situation."

"Take me where you can, so you let me find a place of rest soon, for I am weak and faint." This was spoken in a low, faint tone, and the youth plainly saw that the invalid was losing his strength; so he bade Cæsar lift the man upon his saddle at once.

The negro lifted the large man in his arms and placed him in the saddle almost as though he had been an infant, and while he walked upon one side Lucian went around upon the other, and then they set forward. The young man had now a better opportunity to observe the gentleman's appearance. He was of a commanding bearing, with a face of peculiar beauty; dark hazel eyes, and dark brown hair, which hung about his head in luxuriant curls. But Lucian could not look the man in the face without encountering his gaze in return, for those dark, hazel eyes were fixed upon him with strange earnestness. But then this might be only the result of the peculiar relations that had thus been instituted between them.

The party had gone some forty or fifty rods when the man bowed his head, and Lucian noticed a deadly pallor overspread his face. He would have fallen from his horse had Cæsar not held him on, for he had fainted. Lucian now took the bridle-rein, and while the faithful negro held the helpless man in his saddle, the former led the beast.

Mark Woodson had seen something over half a century of life, but he was yet firm and strong, with an eye as clear, and nerves as steady as ever. He had built him a hut away in the wood, where he could follow his usual vocation of hunting, and where few came to trouble him. He was a kind, generous man, who loved his friends with a lasting love, but yet who sought but few. His humble cot, which was built of logs, was directly under the shelter of a high cliff, while in front of his dwelling stretched away a beautiful lawn of some three acres which he had cleared with his own hand. Mark was standing in his doorway when the party came up, and as soon as he had heard the particulars he at once assisted in carrying the wounded man into his cot. A good bed was quickly prepared, and as soon as the invalid had been placed upon it, Lucian explained all the circumstances as they had passed under his observation. Together they looked over the man's clothing to see if they could find his name upon any of it, but they could not.

However, Lucian would not stop now to look after that. He knew that the sufferer should have the services of a physician as soon as possible, and having received from Mark a promise that the insensible guest should be well taken care of he started off. Of course he thought nothing more of the deer, for a work of humanity took precedence of all else.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

With rapid steps Lucian and his companion made their way back to the boat, and they were just in time to take the first turn of the ebb tide.

"It's a cur'us case, isn't it?" said Cæsar, after they had got out into the stream.

The youth acknowledged that it was.

"Ob course dat man 'tended to shoot de gempl'man, eh?"

"I should think so."

"An' who you s'pect dat is?"

"I'm sure I haven't the least idea."

"Mebbe it is de guh'ner, eh?"

"No, it's not the governor, Cæsar, I know Phipps."

"It must be some mitey big man, mas'r, eh?"

"Very likely. But look out, or you'll have the boat ashore."

"Eh? Golly gosh! Dat 'fair hab tuk hole ob me so dat I s'pect I'll be gwine to row rite ober de land next ting."

"You wont if you look out what you're about. Remember we must have the doctor up there as soon as possible."

This gentle hint had the effect of keeping Cæsar quiet, and ere long they landed upon one of the river wharves, where Lucian left the negro to secure the boat while he run up to see the physician. He had the good fortune to find Dr. Robinson at home, and he quickly explained the case. At first the man of drugs shook his head. It was too far—away in the woods—the tide would be down before he could get back, etc.

"But the man must have help, and that, too, immediately," urged the youth. "His life now hangs upon a thread."

"If you extracted the ball, and cleansed the wound, that may be all that is necessary."

"But I left him insensible, doctor; and he may have a fever if he is not properly cared for."

"Then he ought to have friends to care for him."

"Such a man as he must have numerous friends somewhere, though he appears to be a stranger here."

"Eh? Then he's not a common traveller, or hunter?"

"Bless you, no. I should say he must be an English nobleman of some sort."

"O—ah—ahem. You say he is very dangerously wounded?"

"Yes, sir—very."

"Ah—well—that alters the case. I will go at once. Very dangerously. Ah—yes. Of course, I would not leave a man in such a situation. You don't know if it is Sir George Granby, do you?"

"No, sir—I do not."

"It may be he. I heard he had gone up to Newbury on a visit. Yes—I will go at once. I did not understand at first how dangerous the wound might be. I will call my men, and take my own boat."

Cæsar had come up and heard most of the conversation, and when he and his master turned away, he very candidly remarked:

"Mitey quick he smells how bad a werry dangerous wound he on a rich man, eh?"

Lucian smiled at the remark, but the smile soon faded away, and for awhile a look of contempt dwelt upon his features. For some time he walked slowly on, and at length he said:

"Well, Cæsar, I don't know as there is anything to wonder at in the doctor's manner, or method, of disposing of this case. We are all of us more or less tinctured with the same fault. We may be ready to render assistance quickly enough when the suffering falls beneath our own eye; but when it comes to leaving our homes, to go off some distance, and attend upon a stranger, our humanity is more slow in its operations; and, more than that—we all pay a certain deference to honest wealth. In short, Cæsar, it is more easy to find fault with those about us than it is to do right ourselves."

The honest negro silently admitted the truth of what his master had said; but then that gave no weight to the affair, for had it been as grossly absurd as it chanced to be in reality just and proper, Cæsar would have directly coincided, for he never could be made to see anything wrong in his "good Mas'r Lucian."

On the western side of the city of Salem, and near the outskirts of the settled portion, stood a small cottage, with green blinds, and painted a pure white. A small garden spread out in front, wherein grew many flowers, and which betrayed the care of able hands, and excellent taste and judgment. Within everything was neat and clean, and though there were no signs of much pecuniary ability, yet there were many things which appealed to the love of the beautiful, and which would not be rejected from the house of the millionaire. In one of the front rooms—for there were two rooms which front on the garden—sat a female engaged in sewing. She was rather below the medium size, but yet full and round in form, and possessing in an admirable degree those points which mark the healthy and well-developed female. A more beautiful woman did not surely live in the town. Her features were faultlessly regular, and moulded in the cast of pure and virtuous loveliness; her brow not too high, but open and full; her eyes of a deep, dark gray, and her hair floating over her pure white neck and temples in nut-brown ringlets. The color of her cheeks was not deep, though at times there came a flush upon them like the rose in full bloom. The lily sat there most of the time, and the light of her deep, lustrous eyes had the softness of melancholy in its usual rest and quiet. With regard to her age, one not acquainted with her would hardly be willing to allow her as many years as she had really lived. She had experienced the storm and sunshine of thirty-nine of these many-colored messengers of time, and though a healthy woman is young at that, yet she looked younger.

Thus sat the female when the door of the apartment was opened, and Lucian Willis entered. He went up to the woman's side and kissed her. It was his custom when he entered the house, if he had been absent over an hour.

"You are back early, Lucian," she said, with a warm smile.

"Yes, mother. I met with an adventure which prevented us from hunting the deer."

"His mother?" asked people who came, and were introduced to Matilda Willis. And they asked the question in surprise, too; for it seemed almost impossible that the beautiful, blushing woman could be the mother of so noble a man. But so it was. At the age of seventeen Matilda King became Mrs. Willis. Her husband was hers to love and to cherish but a single year, since which she had been left with her child as the only thing to bind her to earth.

"But what was the nature of your adventure, my son?" the mother asked, after Lucian had taken a seat.

He explained the circumstances of the strange

meeting in the forest, and when he had done, his mother remarked:

"Well, Lucian, I am glad you have had an opportunity of helping a fellow-creature in distress, and I trust the man may recover. If he should so far recover as to be able to move down here before he could resume his journey, I should like to have him come, for he might find more comfort here than with the old hunter."

"I had thought of that, mother," the youth returned; "and if the poor man will come here, I will bring him."

At this juncture a female was seen coming up the garden walk at a swift pace, but yet with irregular steps. When she entered the room, which she did without knocking, she sank into a chair and burst into tears. She was an elderly female—a widow—whose name was Burke—an honest, frugal, industrious woman, who worked hard for a livelihood, and who had an only child that had for years been a burden upon her hands, though a source of joy and comfort to her soul. This child—a daughter—was now twenty years of age, and for the past year had been able to do some light work, such as sewing, etc. The poor widow sobbed most painfully, and it was sometime ere she could command herself to speak in answer to the question which Mrs. Willis had several times repeated.

"What is it, my dear sister?" the hostess asked, approaching the troubled woman, and sitting down by her side.

"Shall I leave?" asked Lucian, arising from his seat.

"No, no, no," quickly uttered the widow, spasmodically. "Wait and hear my story. O, they have come and taken Laura away from me! My child! O, my child!"

"Who has taken her away?" asked Mrs. Willis.

"They have taken her for a witch!"

Both the mother and son started fearfully at this announcement. They knew Laura Burke well. They had known her for years as a pale, wan, uncomplaining child, always meek and loving, virtuous and faithful. And those were times too, when the very sound of that terrible word could strike terror to the soul of the stout and strong. The time had been when the accusations of witchcraft were confined to old women; but now the dread summons fell alike upon all classes, and the least breath of suspicion was enough to cause an arrest.

"But who has accused her of this?" asked Lucian.

"Mr. Lyon."

"Not Roger Lyon?"

"Yes—Roger Lyon."

At this announcement the youth leaned forward in his chair and bowed his head upon his hands. Roger Lyon was one of the most wealthy men in Salem. There had been some whispers touching his honesty, but his vast wealth had shielded him from all evil results, save such as might have come from his own soul. And then upon Lucian this had a peculiar bearing, for within the merchant's house there was a bright-eyed, beauteous being whom he loved with more than a passing love. But this did not prevent him from feeling fully the wickedness of the merchant's character.

"Are you sure that it is Mr. Lyon who has accused her?" the youth asked, at length looking up.

"Yes—O, yes!" the poor woman uttered. "He says he knows she has dealings with the evil spirits, and he will prove it. God have mercy on my child! What shall save her now? You know how they hang the poor creatures now—how they put them to death without mercy! O, my child! my child!"

"But why should Mr. Lyon step out of his way to do this thing?" queried Lucian, as soon as the afflicted woman had in a measure composed herself.

Mrs. Burke gazed furtively about, as if to assure herself that there was no danger near, and then she said:

"I know I am in safety here, and that you will not betray what I may say; for if you should, I might be next seized."

Both the mother and son assured her that she had nothing to fear from them, and then she resumed:

"I can tell you the whole secret of this charge. You know Laura has been at work for Mrs. Lyon—been doing some sewing for her. Well, last week Friday, my daughter was in the room where Mrs. Lyon usually sits—she had eaten her supper, and had gone into this room to sew. You know those rooms have bay-windows, with heavy curtains. When Laura sat down she found it too dark to sew by the table, so she took her work and went into one of these bay-windows, and let the curtain drop after her, where she went at work. She had not been there a great while before Mr. and Mrs. Lyon came into the room; though at the time she did not notice that the merchant had come. She was just upon the point of coming out, when she heard Mr. Lyon's voice, and then she thought she would remain there until he was gone, for she did not like to be in his company, he was so dark and stern. But, O, if she had come out, all this would not have happened. Mr. Lyon commenced to tell his wife how—"

Here the widow stopped and gazed nervously about the room, and then resumed:

"He commenced to tell her how he had that day made seven thousand pounds. He told her he had forged an invoice of East India goods, and that the loss of this money would fall upon different merchants who had ventures in the ship. It was then so dark that Laura thought she could slip out of the room without being observed, but Mr. Lyon saw her, and sprang forward and caught her by the arm. He asked her if she had heard what he had said, and she—O, you know she knows not how tell a lie—told him yes. And then he made the most terrible threats, and was going on at that rate, when his wife commenced to laugh. And then she said something about what a nice joke her husband had played off upon her, and asked him if he meant for her to believe it? Mr. Lyon saw his wife's drift, and then he began to laugh, and said he thought he would try to frighten her. But you see some of the merchants have found fault with the price of their goods, and a single word from Laura would expose his wickedness. So he has accused her of witchcraft, and will thus still her tongue forever! O!"

"But what does Mr. Lyon say she has done?"

"Only think: He says that last Friday evening she came right up through the floor where he and his wife were sitting. He says a pale blue light surrounded her, and that he smelled brimstone plainly! And he says she has bewitched his daughter, too. He says she has exerted her infernal influence upon her so as to make her fall in love with a poor, low-born fisherman—meaning you, Lucian!"

"But Laura will expose all this in the court," said Mrs. Willis. "She can there give an account of what she heard, and then these defrauded merchants will come forward and prove her words true."

A gleam of hope lighted up the poor woman's countenance for a moment, but Lucian quickly dispelled it.

"Where is Laura now?" he asked.

"She is confined in Mr. Lyon's own house."

"Then if she goes from there to her trial she is most surely lost. The wealthy merchant's money has a vast deal of power. In the first place, you see it has sufficed to give him the keeping of this girl instead of having her sent to the regular prison with the rest. Judge Stoughton loves money, and I know that he can be easily prevailed upon to give Lyon the privilege of a secret trial for the poor girl. She must be liberated from the villain's power!"

The youth started to his feet as he spoke this last sentence, and brought his hands emphatically together. Mrs. Burke also started to her feet, for there was something in Lucian's tone and manner that sent the thrill of a strange hope to her soul. She gazed into his burning eye a moment, and then she said:

"O, perhaps God would help some noble endeavor to rescue her."

"Mrs. Burke," the youth spoke, in a deep, sincere tone, "I know that if our sweet, pure Laura goes to that trial, with Roger Lyon as a sworn witness against her, no power on earth can save her. I know the whole, dark machinery of this infernal engine. I know how bigotry of the deepest dye—how superstition of the blackest cast, and how revenge of the most unrelenting kind, all work together towards encompassing the destruction of those who are marked for victims. This very night I will set your child free, if it lies within the power of mortal man. So put on hope until the morrow, at all events."

"Will you—will you do this thing?" gasped the widow, springing forward and grasping the noble youth by the arm.

"I will do all that lies within my power."

Beneath the sudden weight of this hope the poor woman swooned, and as Lucian bore her to the sofa his mother blessed him for the noble effort he had promised.

CHAPTER III.

AGNES.

ROGER LYON and his wife sat together in their usual sitting-room engaged in earnest conversation. Mr. Lyon's was one of the most sumptuous residences in the city, and he possessed wealth enough to add to it every luxury in its time and season. The merchant was a tall man, somewhat stout, though not tending at all to corpulency, for the very influence of his nature and habits was to worry the system away from all accumulation of healthful rotundity. He was large-boned, and rather spare of flesh. He had a light gray eye, rather verging upon the greenish hue, and sandy hair. His cheek bones were high, and his head low and broad. He was one of the most rigid Puritans of the times—one whose faith was founded in racks, thumb-screws, and stakes, and who believed it necessary to hang Quakers and all other heretics. He was five-and-forty years of age.

Betsey Lyon, his wife, was five years younger than her husband, but in every way qualified to be the willing wife of such a man. She, too, was stout and large in frame; but her hair was black, and so were her eyes. She was as bigoted as her husband, and as cold and harsh in soul. She was a cousin of Cotton Mather, and though she reverenced that eminent clergyman, yet she outdid him in diabolical zeal against heretics.

"But," said the wife, in continuation of a conversation which had been going on for some minutes, "are you sure that these merchants will not suspect you?"

"They will have no clue now this young heretic is silenced. The invoice is so adroitly done, and the packages all so correspondingly marked, that they cannot detect the fraud. They know nothing of the house in India of whom I had the goods, and thus, you see, they can have no possible means of discovering the deception."

"But may not the little vixen have already told some one of what she heard here in this room?"

"She may have told her mother, but I think after what I told her she would tell no one else. But I fear not her mother, for she is a timid woman, and the fate of her daughter will be a sufficient check. But I shall see her to-morrow morning, and I can easily find out if she has learned anything from her daughter. If she has, I think she had better be hanged. However, we will let her rest to-night. You may send for Agnes now."

As her husband thus spoke, Mrs. Lyon arose and left the room, and when she returned she was followed by her daughter. Is it possible that that girl is the child of these two people? Can that beautiful being have received her blood from such parents? So many people had asked, and so all strangers wondered upon first learning the truth.

Agnes Lyon was eighteen years of age; just bursting into full womanhood, and as beautiful as the summer's rose. She was of medium height; full and plump, with a form that would have been purely voluptuous had not the native modesty and purity of the face at once dispelled the thought. About the dimples of the cheeks and chin innumerable quiet smiles were ever playing when she was happy, and those smiles extended away into the brilliant depths of her bright, gray eye. Surely she bore no resemblance to her mother, and but little to her father. Her hair was nearer the hue of the father's, but yet nothing like it, for the tresses were fine and silky, and had a rich golden hue; the eyes, too, were nearer like the father's, but they were darker, larger, and more brilliant, and their light was deeper and more steady. With regard to her mental features she must have taken them from some source entirely independent of her parentage. We can see how a combination of physical features, drawn from two or more persons, may form a new being as unlike either of the originals as the rose in full bloom is unlike the dark lump of soil that gives life to the stock; but with mind it is different. Agnes had her father's eyes without their fox-like sharpness and shaggy brows; and she had his nose without its redness and its flanking of projecting cheek-bones; but she had none of his qualifications of mind. From a child she had naturally loved that which appealed for love to her soul, and just as naturally had she rejected everything that seemed wrong in her pure conceptions. She had seen enough of wealth to know that it gave no real joys to her parents, and with bitterness of spirit she was forced to admit that it made her father worse instead of better. Yet in her own mind she had formed an idea of how wealth might make a person happy, and in that idea she saw people loving the possessor for the good his money enabled him to do to his fellows.

Agnes took a seat by the side of her mother, and with her back to the table upon which stood the lamp—for the evening had closed in, and Mrs. Lyon had brought in a lamp with her. The maiden knew not exactly what was wanted, but she felt that it was something unpleasant. She knew not yet what had been commenced against Laura Burke.

"My child," spoke the merchant, after he had regarded his daughter a few moments in silence, "I wish to speak with you upon a most important affair, and I trust you will not disappoint the faith I have in your truth and prudence."

Agnes made no reply to this, and after awhile her father resumed:

"You have had much communication with Laura Burke?"

"I have been with her much, of course," replied the fair girl.

"And now," added Mr. Lyon, regarding his child with a fixed look, "have you never noticed a peculiar influence which that girl has held over you?"

"What mean you, father?"

"I mean to ask if you have not noticed a peculiar influence which the presence of Laura Burke has exercised over you?"

"Why," replied Agnes, in a sort of wondering, puzzled manner, "no one can remain long in Laura's company without experiencing a peculiar influence from her gentle virtuous qualities. One feels drawn towards her at once."

"Yes, that's it," uttered Lyon, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "I knew you would realize this."

"But what do you mean?"

"Why, simply, my child, that this influence is the influence of the spirits of darkness. That influence which so operated upon you was the reality the work of the devil operating upon you through the person of Laura Burke. It is most fortunate that I discovered this in time, or in a little while longer you might have been wholly lost."

Agnes started up in surprise, but she quickly resumed her seat, and in a forced whisper she said:

"I know not what you mean."

"It is very simple, my child; and you should thank God that your parents discovered the danger in time to save you. Laura Burke is under the immediate direction of the Evil One. She is now only a tool in the hands of the arch enemy of mankind."

"Do you mean that she is—is—a—a—*witch*?" asked Agnes, finding it difficult to pronounce the fearful word in connexion with the name of one whom she loved so well.

"She is, my child."

"And who has accused her of this?"

"I have."

"You? Impossible. You could not have brought this idle, foolish charge against one so pure and lovely!"

"But I have done so, Agnes; and I had the best reasons for my course. I saw that she—or, I should say—the evil spirit that was in her, had fastened upon you, and that unless the baneful influence was removed you must soon have been lost—irredeemably lost. Until within the past week, I knew not that you loved Lucian Willis."

The maiden started as her father thus spoke, and for a moment her eyes drooped as she found his gaze fixed sharply upon her.

"You cannot deny this, Agnes," the merchant resumed, "for you remember the conversation we had upon the subject three days ago."

"Of course she cannot," added Mrs. Lyon, "for I have the best proofs. I heard them conversing in the garden a week ago last Wednesday, and I was never so astonished in the whole course of my life—never."

"And what could have caused this, but the influence of some evil spirit?" pursued the merchant. "What, but the power of darkness, could have caused a child of mine to fall in love with a heretic, and the child of a heretic?"

By this time Agnes had collected her senses, though she had not overcome her indignation. The muscles of her hands worked nervously, and her eyes burned with a deep, indignant fire. She started to her feet and gazed her father full in the face.

"Laura Burke a witch!" she uttered, in a tone so powerful with deep indignant expression, that even her father quailed for the instant. "O, how false the charge! In all the country there dwells not another being more pure and lovely. Her soul is a dwelling-place of God's own love, and her heart is the seat of a faith as pure, and a virtue as strong as the very virtues of the saints. What has she done that she should be cursed with this wicked phantasy? I have known some who have been put to death for witches, and I could see that they were the victims of vengeance. But who can hold a thought of revenge against Laura Burke? Or who can fear for any power of justice she holds? for I know of one, at least, who died because, had she lived, her own shame would have exposed the deep, sensual sin of one high in authority in the church! But who can fear her?"

Roger Lyon quailed beneath this, for it touched him upon the only tender spot in his soul. But before he could make any remark his daughter continued:

"I do love Lucian Willis; and I have loved him for years. You remember well the dark hour when, but for him, I should have perished in the deep ocean; and when my mother, too, would have lost her life. You know how his own life was ventured then to save ours. Ay—and when my father had struck out for the shore and left his wife and child to perish. But I blamed you not—only I blessed Lucian Willis that he saved me. Yet 'tis not for that I love him. For that he had my warmest gratitude, but 'twas for his many noble qualities of heart and soul, and for his stern virtues, that I loved him. And if he is a heretic—and the child of a heretic—then heretics may be saints, while those of the true church may—be no better."

Agnes sank back into her chair as she ceased speaking, and for a few moments not a word was spoken. At first the father's face was dark with anger, but it soon passed away, and was followed by that look which so often rested there when disposing of a victim already in his power.

"Alas!" he uttered, with a badly assumed expression of pain, "how deep the power of the Evil One must have reached within your soul, my child. I knew that Satan had been working upon you through Laura Burke, but I did not dream to what a fearful extent. God be thanked that I discovered it as I did, or in a few more days you would have been wholly lost. Would you not go into court to-morrow, and testify against the girl?"

"My father," returned Agnes, hardly able to speak plainly, "at any other time I should have thought you were only teasing me by such a question, but now I must think you are in earnest. But, O, what sort of an idea can you have of my character, to think me capable of so base a deed?"

"I feared as much," said Mr. Lyon, still restraining his real feelings, and appearing to experience only sorrow. "But you may go now, Agnes. I find that the Evil One has gained more power over you than I had at first thought possible. Go now to your room."

The astonished and indignant girl needed no second bidding to do this, and without further remark she left the room.

"We can't make much out of her," remarked Mrs. Lyon, after her daughter had gone out.

"Ah—we've made enough. Did you ever see her look, or hear her speak so before?"

"No, I never did."

"Then that is enough for our purpose; and it is better evidence than one half the evidence upon which people have already been convicted. You and I will be witnesses enough, for we can swear that our child never appeared so before. Did you mind how her eyes sparkled—and how her face was flushed? and how strangely her voice sounded? and how, too, she glared at us as though she was mad? I declare, Betsey, I was almost frightened for fear she would fly right at me."

"So was I—I declare I was. How she did look!"

"And you must remember this to-morrow. However, there will be no trouble. I have gained the promise that the trial should be private, so we have nothing to fear. And now we must look out upon another track, for we must stop this love affair between Agnes and Lucian Willis."

"That is easily enough done," returned the wife, quite confidently. "Just see the fellow, and tell him not to show himself here any more. That will be enough. I should tell him that at once."

"I shall, and he will be wise if he obeys."

After this the worthy couple turned their attention to business matters of another class, for they deemed that with regard to Laura Burke, their plan was safe and sure. And this was not the first female who had been accused upon the same grounds. Others had been actually executed on witches because they stood in the way of the foe. O, that was a terrible power for the hands of a stern and bigoted people!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

A recent work of science gives the following novel experiment, which settles a question of some importance in philosophy: 200 pounds weight of earth was dried in an oven, and afterwards put in an earthern vessel. The earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was placed therein. During five years the earth was watered with rain or pure water; the willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth or dust from any source, it was covered with a metal plate numerously perforated to admit air only. After growing in the air for five years the tree was removed and found to weigh 169 pounds, 164 ounces of which in the vessel being removed, dried and weighed, was discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight. Thus 164 pounds of woody fibre, bark and roots were certainly produced, but from what source, unless from air?—*Scientific Journal.*

NEWSPAPER PROFITS IN NEW YORK.

We learn from good authority that the net profits of the Tribune newspaper for the past year amount to $95,000, and that the profits of the Herald exceed $75,000. The Courier and Enquirer and the Journal of Commerce have probably each a balance of about $50,000 on the right side of the ledger, and the Commercial Advertiser $25,000. The Times is also doing a good business; and the Express has found the past year one of unprecedented prosperity; the same is said to be true of the Post and News. The Sunday Press has gone ahead in advertising, patronage and circulation; and the Despatch, the Times, the Atlas, the Courier and the Mercury are making we are assured, from $5000 to $10,000 a year.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BE PATIENT, HOPEFUL.

BY HATTIE HARDAY.

Though the path thy feet are treading
Seems a darksome way,
And in vain thine eyes are seeking
For a brighter day:

Still be patient, hopeful, ever,
Bravely bear thy part,
In the burdens life imposes,
With a willing heart.

Brightest gems lie deepest hidden
From the searcher's eye;
And the shadows round thy pathway
Hide a cloudless sky.

From the blossom's fading beauty
Springs another flower.
So the seeds of joy oft slumber
In the saddest hour.

A CHAPTER ON OYSTERS.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

We have a word to say about oysters; and the popularity of the topic would excuse us if we were twice as tedious as we mean to be. Few people dislike this luscious shell-fish. Aged men are not averse to oysters, and children "cry for them," just as they are supposed to for Russia salve. So exquisite is the delectation of the palate in the consumption of this bivalve, that universal opinion seems to have settled as a primal condition to its enjoyment, that oysters must be eaten in secret; that no noise or bustle or garish worldly display, no covetous or even unsympathizing eyes should intrude upon the oyster-eater. The true oyster-eater is a modest man. There are beings destitute of delicacy and refinement, people who eat for the mere purpose of satisfying hunger, who devour oysters with as little responsibility as they would codfish and potatoes. Such fellows can gorge themselves at a stall in the open street, in the presence of a multitude, and wonder why men of finer mould require deep alcoves and silken curtains, and soft carpets that give back no echo to the tread. They would be lost at Florence's—dismayed, perplexed.

It was our chance lately, when we had suffered our usual dinner at home to slip by unheeded, to find ourselves in a remote quarter of the city, with a certain internal "reminder" of the wants of human nature. Hard-by rose a neat "tenfooter," with a gorgeous sign over the door, whereon was emblazoned the attractive and talismanic word "*oysters*." Various little hints and professions were uttered by squares of paper pasted in the window-panes—such as "stewed," "roasted," "fresh from the shell," etc. Being, as we observed, somewhat hungry, we entered rapidly, and rashly ordered an oyster-stew upon the threshold. The proprietor of the establishment, a thinnish man, with no hair or eyebrows, and eyelashes of the color of faded gingerbread, prepared to comply with the demand, while we cast a hurried glance around us. We saw that we had been entrapped. The room was bare and dismal, with a sanded floor. There was no alcove, no curtains, and but one table, a little slab rather than a table, covered with a green oil-cloth; and the stool beside it was so shrivelled up and meagre, that it appeared to threaten impalement to any one who should entrust it with his person.

The oyster man now relieved the tedium of his preparations, by asking a great many questions relative to his operation; demanding to be informed whether he had put in milk enough, if he shouldn't add a *leetle* grain more butter, parenthetically stating that butter had "riz," but generously adding that the fact made no sort of odds; and all as if we were bound to act as cook and superintend our own meal. At length the oysters were placed before us, accompanied by a dropsical greenish bottle, the inner sides of which were covered with thick patches of tomato catsup that clung like leeches to the glass; a loafer-ish tin pepper-box, that had been in a good many hard fights, and got its head knocked out of shape, so that standing with its handle akimbo, and its perforated top flattened and bent, it had the most rakish air imaginable; and a small plate containing some fossil remains of a petrified cabbage-stump steeped in cider, intended to represent cold-slaw. The oyster-man, after setting down the bowl, deposited himself on a rickety chair hard by, with a rank "long-nine" slight in his mouth, and nodding familiarly at us, said, in a cheerful tone of encouragement, "Now, then, go in *and win*."

Observing us to grope hopelessly about for an oyster, the half-dozen that were in the mess being so emaciated as to elude all the vigilance of the iron spoon, he drawled out. "Eyesters don't look numerous in a big bowl." Apologizing for the temerity of one we finally succeeded in entrapping, he added, that, "Cooking eysters allers *stunk* 'em up," and had the audacity to assert that the one in question, was "as big as his hand when it came out of the shell." We swallowed his impertinence and his oysters in disgust; and never was a ninepance more reluctantly paid or more inadequately deserved than that we left upon his grimmy counter. We shook the sand of that shop from our feet, as we emerged into the street; and we mentally resolved to draw its likeness, as the antipodes of all it ought to be—and to show it up as a warning to all men who might be tempted to go into the business, without taste for their craft, or consciences for their customers.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

Some years since, when Gulliver kept a carpet store in the city, a wag of an artist succeeded in obtaining credit for a carpet to his studio. The debt having become due, Gulliver called for his pay some half-dozen times, but could never find the artist at home. At last he was so fortunate as to meet him on the stairs, when the following colloquy took place:

Gulliver—"Sir, are you ready to pay my bill?"

Artist—"I don't know you, sir."

Gulliver—"Not know *me*! Why, my name is Gulliver."

Artist—"I can't say I *know* you, but I have heard of your *travels*!"—*Mail.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LET ME DIE AT HOME.

BY TAMAR ANNE REMMON.

I would not die in a foreign land,
Far, far from my native home;
Though its skies may wear a softer hue,
Yet I would not die alone.
Tho' the air should be perfumed with rare, sweet flowers,
And would gently around me play;
Yet I'd pine for my home—across the ocean's foam—
And for loved ones so far away.

I would die in the spot where my sunny youth
Glided quickly and joyously on;
So quickly it seems like a passing dream
Of pleasure forever gone.
I would hear the dear voices I love so well,
Speaking peace to my sinking heart;
I would breathe to each loved one my last farewell,
And calmly from each would part.

Other lands may be bright when the heart is light,
And free from sorrow and care,
But when sickness comes, and death stands by,
There is sought but regret and despair.
Though I know when my spirit shall take its flight,
There is one who has power to save;
Yet I'd die at home—and not be laid
Far away in a foreign grave.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

COUSIN JOHN.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

YOUNG, beautiful, and an heiress, Ida Claiborne sat pensively in front of a blazing anthracite fire in the comfortable parlor of her handsome town-residence. Unfortunately for her, the highest gifts of nature and fortune do not necessarily produce happiness, and Ida was at that moment painfully sensible of a feeling of listlessness and discontent, for which she was puzzled to account.

Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a letter. The address—"miss ida claiborne"—in its deficiency of capitals and rough chirography, clearly enough evinced that the writer was by no means an adept with the pen. Ida glanced at the postmark, "Pineville," and conjectured without much difficulty that the missive was from her uncle Jeremiah, a flourishing farmer in that most countrified of villages.

With not a little curiosity, for this was the first letter with which her worthy uncle had ever favored her, she hastily opened it, and read what, errors excepted, was meant to be as follows:

"DEAR NIECE: I take up my pen to write you a short letter, hoping that this will find you well and hearty. Your aunt is pretty smart, except the rheumatiz which she sometimes has pretty bad. Your cousin John—I believe you never saw him—has just got home from college and settled down for a doctor in Pineville. I guess he'll get along pretty well by-and-by, when folks sees that he knows a thing or two, if he is old Jeremiah's son. I should like to have you see him. Why can't you come down and pay us a visit? We haven't seen you since you was five years old. Guess you've changed some since then. Write soon, and let me know if you can come.

"O, I almost forgot to write one thing that perhaps you can help us about. We want a young woman to keep the school in our desstrict this winter. The desstrict they appointed me Prudential Committee, and so it's my duty to get somebody. It's most time for school to begin, and I haint found anybody to come yet. Don't you know of somebody that would take it? The wages are a dollar and fifty cents per week and board. She will board with me. Hoping you will write soon, as it's very important, I sign myself,

"Your affectionate uncle,
"JEREMIAH HAYDEN."

"Pretty well, uncle Jerry!" thought Ida, as she folded up the letter; "so you want me to see 'Cousin John,' do you? Is it possible, most disinterested uncle, that you think my property, which is much greater than I deserve, would be a very comfortable dowry for John's wife? However, I should like to meet him, just to see what sort of a person my country cousin may be."

She glanced at the latter part of the letter once more.

"So they want me to hunt up a 'desstrict' school teacher, who, for the munificent sum of one dollar and a half, with board, will consent to enlighten the rising generation of Pineville. I really don't know how I can accommodate them, unless I go myself."

She laughed at the idea, but a moment afterwards exclaimed, gaily:

"After all, why shouldn't I? Here I am languishing in the city for the want of a little excitement. Wouldn't it be a capital idea to introduce myself under an assumed name to my worthy uncle's family, and as an humble schoolmistress, to become an actor and observer in scenes which are quite shut out from Ida Claiborne the heiress?"

This idea, so rapidly conceived, was determined upon with equal rapidity. Drawing her writing-desk towards her, she hurriedly wrote the following note:

"DEAR UNCLE: I was gratified to hear from you by this morning's mail, as my prompt reply will convince you. I regret that other engagements will prevent me from accepting your kind invitation, for the present, at least. In regard to the school, I have a young friend, Jerusha Hall, who has agreed to take charge of the school for which you are seeking a teacher. Having been long acquainted with her, I can speak with some confidence of her competency to fill the situation. Please write at once, and let me know how soon you wish her to commence the school. IDA."

After sealing and despatching this letter, Ida sat down and yielded herself up to uncontrollable mirth.

"Jerusha Hall! I flatter myself I could not have selected a more befitting name for a schoolma'am. *'Having been long acquainted with her,'* at least, I am secure from fibbing in that particular, though whether it is precisely modest to speak so confidently of my own competency, is another matter. It reminds me of a student who, on entering college, was required to bring with him a certificate of moral character. Having unfortunately lost the one furnished by his teacher, he undertook to supply the deficiency by writing one for himself, but was informed that it was slightly contrary to usage to receive such a testimonial."

It occurred to Ida that it was necessary to procure an entirely new wardrobe, since, however complete and elegant her present one, rich silks and Parisian laces would look slightly out of place in Miss Jerusha Hall, a school ma'am, with an income of one dollar and fifty cents per week and found. She accordingly started on a shopping excursion, from which she returned in a short time, after ordering home several cheap ginghams and calicoes, and other articles to correspond.

Her dressmaker, Mademoiselle Fanchette, turned up her eyebrows in mingled surprise and disdain as she beheld the plebeian articles on which she was to display her professional skill.

"Apparently," she remarked, "mademoiselle intends to retire from the world."

"Just so," was the reply; "but only for a season. A little masquerading, that is all. But, however common the materials, I could not consent to forego your skill in the making up."

Deciding at once that it was a young lady's whim, and mollified by the compliment, the fashionable dressmaker set to work with a will, and a few days beheld Ida Claiborne ready, as Jerusha Hall, to set out for the field of her labors.

"John," said Farmer Hayden to his son, the newly-fledged doctor, "I wish you'd go up to the village in time to meet the stage. I expect Miss Hall will come to night."

"The new schoolmistress?" queried John.

"Yes," said his father, "the one that Ida recommended."

"What is her first name?" asked the young doctor, carelessly.

"Jerusha—Jerusha Hall."

"Humph! it might have been better. However, I am quite at her service." And John proceeded to the yard to harness the horse.

The lumbering stage-coach, for Pineville was not of sufficient importance to require a railroad, jolted Ida most unmercifully, and but for her engagement, she might have been almost inclined to forego her plan, and given up forever her personation of a country school-ma'am. There was only one other passenger beside herself, a man of ample proportions, who, having become apparently weary of looking out of the window, indulged in a long and protracted stare at Ida.

"Are you going to Pineville, ma'am?" he at length inquired.

Hardly knowing whether to be amused or indignant at this unceremonious address, Ida quietly answered in the affirmative.

"I suppose you aint Miss Jerusha Hall, are you?" further inquired her companion.

Ida could scarcely forbear laughing, this being the first time she had been called by her new cognomen.

"That is my name," said she, in a demure tone, adding to herself, "I trust I shall be forgiven the fib."

"I calculated you was," continued her companion. "I heard you was coming to-night. I suppose you don't know who I am," he added, drawing himself up in a consequential manner.

"I must confess my ignorance," said Ida, secretly amused.

"Well," said he, with considerable importance, "I'm the cheerman of the school committee. My name is Nichols—Ichabod Nichols. Sometimes people call me Squire Nichols."

The squire paused to see what impression his words had made on the new school ma'am. She was looking down, as he thought, bashfully.

"Have you ever taught a desstrict school before?" he inquired.

"No, sir," said Miss Hall.

"Never mind," said Squire Nichols, encouragingly; "there's got to be a beginning to everything. Your school's going to begin Monday. Of course, you'll have to be examined first. The other members of the committee," said he, with some pomposity, "generally leave that to me. And you've got to ride five miles further alone, and haven't got anything else to do, I could do it just as well now as any time, if you're ready.

"Yes, sir," said Ida, whose sense of the ludicrous character of this proposition nearly destroyed her gravity, "I'm just as ready now as I ever shall be."

"Well, then," said Squire Nichols, "suppose we begin. There's no need of reading, as we haven't any book to read out of. I'll ask you some questions in geography. Which is the largest city in the world?"

"London, I believe," returned Ida.

"You aint quite right there," returned the squire. "London is a pretty large place, I know, but it don't come up to New York. New York's gone clean ahead of it. However, you wasn't very far out of the way. Can you tell me where the Crimea is—the place where they're having a war?"

"It is a peninsula in the southern part of Russia."

"Are you sure it isn't in Turkey?"

"Yes, sir, quite sure."

"Well, perhaps you're right; I'll look when I get home. I'll ask you something about spelling. How do you spell Sebastopol?"

Ida spelled it out.

"You're pretty near right," pronounced the squire; "but there's two p's in it. I think you only gave one."

"I didn't know there was but one," said Ida, suppressing her propensity to laugh.

"The best etymologians," said Squire Nichols, dwelling impressively on the last word, "use two p's."

Ida didn't think it worth while to refute this assertion. She was next asked to spell Massachusetts, which the squire allowed to pass unquestioned, probably because he did not feel quite certain about it himself.

We will not trouble the reader with further details of the examination. The remainder was of a similar character to the specimen already given. The squire at length very graciously informed Ida that he guessed she'd do. Shortly after, the driver, with a preliminary flourish of the whip, drew up in front of the public house in Pineville, and Ida prepared to get out.

She was congratulating herself on having reached her journey's end, when a young man stepped up to her and inquired if she were not Miss Hall.

Ida replied in the affirmative.

"Then," he continued, "allow me to introduce myself as John Hayden, cousin of your friend, Ida Claiborne. My father, with whom you will board, has requested me to convey you to his house. A chaise is waiting. You must be fatigued with your long ride. Perhaps we had better not delay."

So this was her cousin John. Ida gazed at him furtively with some curiosity, for it will be remembered that she had not seen him for many years. The result of her scrutiny was, that he was a very well-looking young man. Further than that, she could not be expected to judge until after further acquaintance.

"Did you have any fellow-passengers?" inquired her cousin, when they were in the chaise.

"Only one—Squire Nichols," was the reply.

"Indeed! But how did you know him?" asked John, in some surprise.

"He introduced himself as the 'cheerman' of the school committee," answered Ida, laughing, "and, wishing to save time, proposed to examine me on the instant."

"Just like him," returned John, joining in her merriment. "He is wonderfully puffed up by the post to which he has been elevated—a post, I may add, for which he is entirely unfitted by education. May I inquire whether you passed the examination satisfactorily?"

"Quite so, I believe, notwithstanding my unfortunate blunder in supposing London to be larger than New York, and that Sebastopol was spelt with only one p."

"My father lives here," said her companion, pointing out with his whip a farm house, which a turn in the road revealed.

It was a square, two-story house, flanked by out-buildings, and altogether presenting a pleasant picture of substantial comfort. Availing herself of her cousin's help to descend from the chaise, Ida accompanied him up the gravelled walk to the front door. It was thrown open before they reached it by her aunt, who, with genuine New England hospitality, was intent upon making her feel at home as soon as possible.

Ida felt some apprehension lest her aunt, in spite of the years that had elapsed since their meeting, might discover something familiar in her appearance, but the first words addressed to her by Mrs. Hayden re-assured her.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Hall. Come in and sit down by the fire. You must be cold, riding such a distance. When did you see Ida last? I hoped she would come and see us, but she writes that she will not be able to do so at present."

Miss Hall, for we must now call her by that name, answered these questions in a satisfactory manner, as she was being ushered into the large sitting-room, at one end of which glowed a wood fire in a spacious fire-place. She had scarcely seated herself, when in walked Farmer Hayden. She was introduced to him in due form as "Miss Hall." She was gradually getting accustomed to her new appellation.

On the Monday morning succeeding, our heroine, accompanied by the young doctor, whose prejudice, first excited by her name, was fast wearing away, walked to the little school-house which was for a time to be the scene of her labors. A motley collection of urchins, male and female, were grouped about the door, waiting with eagerness the approach of the school-ma'am. Ida looked at the undisciplined troop with some misgivings as to her ability to keep them in order. "However," thought she, "there's no turning back now. I might as well put a bold face upon it."

John parted from her at the door, leaving her to enter unattended the temple of learning, wherein, for three months, she was to reign absolute mistress, accountable only to the school committee, with whose dignified "cheerman" she had already made acquaintance. At one end of the room stood a rickety table, evidently intended for the sole use of the school-ma'am. Owing to the circumstance of one leg being shorter than its brethren, it was necessary to eke out its deficient length with a chip. At least, such was the suggestion offered by a red-haired young lady, who introduced herself as Miranda Tibbetts.

Ida had never before been inside of a district school-house. The oddity of her surroundings, and the thought of how horror-struck all her fashionable friends would be to see her in her present position, struck her so forcibly, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could restrain her risibilities. But something was to be done. The scholars stood about her with expectant faces, and it was absolutely necessary that she should begin school. Anxious to proceed according to rule, Ida beckoned to her side the red-haired young lady before mentioned.

"How do they usually begin school, Miranda?" she inquired.

Quite elated at the idea of being applied to by the school-ma'am for information, Miranda answered:

"Well, ma'am, the first thing is to ring the bell and make them take their seats."

"But," said Ida, "I don't see any bell."

"The school ma'am is expected to bring her own bell, I b'lieve," said Miranda.

"I didn't know that," replied Ida. "I'll bring one to morrow. But what shall I do now?"

"I dunno," returned Miranda, "unless you pound on the table."

Ida was obliged to take up with this advice.

After the school had been called to order, Ida spent nearly all the forenoon in classifying her pupils, with the aid of Miss Miranda Tibbetts, whose vanity was not a little increased by the prominent position to which she was elevated as confidential adviser of the school-ma'am. However, Miranda had in the main a very good understanding of the way things should be arranged, and her counsel was not without value. When, at the close of the day, Ida was ready to return home, she found John at the door waiting to accompany her. With this arrangement Ida was not at all dissatisfied. Cousin John, she had discovered, was very agreeable as a companion. She could not help wondering whether he, as well as his father, had ever felt a desire to bring into the family his cousin's inheritance. Curious upon this point, she ventured to inquire if he had seen his cousin Ida recently.

He shook his head. "Neither recently nor remotely, I believe," he replied. "Her life runs in an entirely different channel from mine. I may have seen her as a boy, but I recollect nothing of her. At all events, it matters little to me. The fashionable life which she leads is not at all to my taste. We have been so differently treated by fortune that it is scarcely possible there could be much community of feeling between us."

"What would he say," thought Ida, "if he knew that his fashionable cousin were at his side?"

She was a little piqued at the indifference manifested by John's speech, though, such is the inconsistency of human nature, he rose higher in her estimation for this very avowal.

"At all events," she thought, "he is not mercenary."

Of Ida's experience as a school mistress, we do not design to say much. Her pupils were rough and undisciplined, and ignorant enough to afford her ample field for exertion. Miranda Tibbetts, however, became a valuable auxiliary. She was a large, strong girl, of a resolute character. Luckily for Ida, she chose to array herself on her side, and materially assisted her to keep in check the turbulent scions of Young America of whom she had charge. Unaccustomed to labor of any kind, Ida's exertions did not fail to fatigue her. Yet she felt much happier than she had ever been in the city, when she had nothing more serious to occupy her attention than the hue of a ribbon or the choice of a dress-pattern.

How much the young doctor had to do with her contentment, it would perhaps be dangerous to conjecture. It is undeniable that his attentions to Ida were very marked. At half-past four, when her school closed, he would generally manage to be near at hand in order to accompany her home. At first, he had some excuse ready; but by-and-by it became an established thing, and he did not think it necessary to offer any.

Time flew rapidly. Only three days remained before Ida's school would close. It was with a countenance graver than his wont that John prepared to escort her home.

"Where do you intend going, Miss Hall, when your school has closed?" he inquired, abruptly.

"I think of returning to the city."

"And will you not return?"

"Perhaps so. If I thought I should be welcome."

"Can you doubt it?" exclaimed the young man, warmly. Then, carried away by an irresistible impulse, he added: "You do not, cannot dream how much you have endeared yourself to some of us."

Ida's face flushed. She was not displeased. They were very long in walking home that evening. When they at length reached the farm-house, John Hayden, the young village doctor, had offered his hand and heart to Miss Jerusha Hall, the school-mistress, and she had promised to take his proposal into consideration. At her request, he was to make known the proposal to his parents that evening.

The young doctor sat in the family sitting-room with his parents. Ida, complaining of fatigue, had retired to her room.

"So Miss Hall is going to leave us," remarked the doctor, abruptly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hayden. "I'm sorry for it. She's a likely girl."

"Likely?" repeated her son. "Can't you give her a higher compliment than that?"

"Why, John, what's got into you?" said his mother, in some surprise. "Don't you think she's a likely girl?"

"I should say, mother, that she is charming, and that any man might deem himself fortunate in securing her for a wife."

"You don't mean to marry her yourself, I hope," said his mother, suddenly.

"And why do you hope not, mother?"

"She's a good girl enough, for that matter, but you ought to look higher."

"Where can I look higher?" said the young man, quietly.

"Where? There'll be no trouble about that. There's your cousin Ida."

"And wherein is my cousin Ida a more suitable match than Jerusha Hall. Her name is, I acknowledge, a more tasteful one, but as long as it's to be changed, what's the great importance of that?"

"Ida has money."

"Well, and she may keep it. I have not the slightest wish to deprive her of it."

"You talk as if you were in earnest," said Mrs. Hayden, anxiously.

"And so I am, mother?"

"Do you mean to say that you are going to marry the school-ma'am?" said his mother, with some warmth.

"I certainly shall, if she will allow me," said John, composedly.

"What is it?" asked Farmer Hayden, rousing from a light slumber into which he had fallen while attempting to wade through the president's message, "what is it you're talking about?"

"Mother objects to my marrying Miss Hall," said John.

"By jingoes, and so do I," returned his father. "Isn't she as poor as poverty?"

"Why, to be sure," said John, "one dollar and fifty cents is not a large income, but I solemnly assure you I am not after her money."

"No, I should judge not," said the farmer, drily. "I have only one word to say to you. I have set my mind on marrying you to your cousin Ida. If you marry Miss Hall, it will be without any sanction or countenance from me, and I shall not permit you to be married in my house."

"I have heard you, father," said John, gravely, "and regret that I am obliged to act in opposition to your wishes. I have already offered myself to Miss Hall, and may therefore safely say that I shall not marry my cousin Ida."

After this conversation, which John communicated without reserve to Ida, the latter was treated with marked coldness by Mr. and Mrs. Hayden. She managed, however, to preserve her cheerfulness, and occasionally a mirthful glance would shoot from her eyes as she looked askance at her aunt's forbidding face, and reflected how one cabalistic word would change it all.

Jerusha Hall returned to the city. It was arranged that John should join her in three weeks and that the marriage should take place from the house of "Cousin Ida." When the meeting took place, Jerusha had a confession to make. She humbly confessed herself guilty of the sin of being herself "Cousin Ida." John was very much surprised, but didn't think the sin wholly unpardonable. Two days afterwards Ida changed her last name again—this time permanently.

A carriage drove up to Farmer Hayden's gate. John Hayden helped his young wife to alight. They walked unceremoniously into the sitting-room.

"Allow me," said John, "to introduce my wife to her new parents."

His father rose angrily. "You have disobeyed my wishes. You are no son of mine. You need no longer consider this as your home."

"If," said Ida, advancing towards him with a smile, "I may not remain here as your daughter, I may at least claim as Ida Claiborne, your niece."

"You Ida!" exclaimed Mr. Hayden and his wife simultaneously.

The matter was explained somewhat to the confusion of the farmer and his wife. John offered to go out and secure rooms at the hotel, but his father would not hear of it.

"But you know that you said, father, that I was no son of yours, and that I must no longer consider this my home."

"Nonsense, John," said his mother. "However, you can go if you like, but we shall keep Ida."

John concluded not to go. It is wonderful how much Miss Jerusha Hall rose in the estimation of everybody in Pineville when it was ascertained that she had no right to that appellation at all. It was suddenly discovered that the district had lost the services of a most valuable teacher.

John is a rich man, now. He sometimes playfully reminds his mother of her opposition to his marriage; but she as often declares that she only did it to try him, and that she "know'd all along that Jerusha Hall was Ida in disguise."

AN EXACTING HUSBAND.

Wycherly, the comedian, married a girl of eighteen when he was verging on eighty. Shortly after, Providence was pleased, in its mercy to the young woman, to call the old man to another and a better world. But ere he took his final departure from this world, he summoned his young wife to his bedside and announced to her that he was dying; whereupon she wept bitterly. Wycherly lifted himself up in the bed, and gazing with tender emotion on his weeping wife, said:

"My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit your side forever here below. Will you assure me my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you will be called on to make?"

Horrid ideas of suttees, of poor Indian widows being called on to expire on funeral pyres with the bodies of their deceased lords and masters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman. With a convulsive effort and desperate resolution, she grasped out an assurance that his commands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed.

Then Wycherly, with a ghastly smile, said, in a low and solemn voice:

"My beloved wife, the parting request I have to make of you is—that when I am gone (here the poor woman sobbed and cried most vehemently), when I am in my cold grave (Mrs. Wycherly tore her hair), when I am laid low the disconsolate wife roared with grief), when I am no longer a heavy burthen and a tie on you (" O, for heaven's sake," howled Mrs. W., "what am I to do?")—I command you, my dear young wife (" yes, y-e-s, love," sobbed Mrs. W.), on pain of incurring my malediction (" y-e-s, dear," groaned the horror stricken wife), never to marry an old man again!"

Mrs. Wycherly dried her eyes, and in the most fervent manner promised that she never would—and that faithful woman kept her word for life.—*New York Times.*

MOHAMMED.

The author of "Al Koran" is described as a man of middling size, with broad shoulders, a wide chest, and large bones. He was fleshy, but not stout. The immoderate size of his head was partly disguised by the long locks of hair, which, in slight curls, came nearly down to the lobe of his ears. His oval face, though tawny, was rather fair for an Arab, but neither pale nor high colored. The forehead was broad, and his fine, long, but narrow eyebrows were separated by a vein, which could be seen throbbing when he was angry. Under long eyelashes sparkled blood-shot black eyes through wide-slit eyelids. His nose was large, prominent, and slightly hooked; the mouth wide, showing a good set of teeth. His beard rose from the cheek-bones, and came down to the collar-bone; he clipped his moustaches, but did not shave them. He stooped, and was slightly hump backed.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.

"Feller citizens! the time has kum when the o'charged feelin's of aggrawated human natur' are no longer to be stood. Mad dogs are in the midst of us—their shrekin' yelps and foamy tracks can be heard on our prairies. Death follers in their wake; shall we set here like cowards, while our lives and our neighbors' lives are in danger from that dreadful borashus hydrofobic caninety? No! it musn't be. E'en now my bussum is torn with the conflictin's of ruth and wengeance; a funeral pyre of wild cats is burnin' in me; I have horse and cattle, I have sheep and pigs, and I have a wife and children; and (rising higher as the importance of the subject deepened in his estimation) I have money out at interest, all in danger o' bein' bit by those darned mad dogs."—*Western paper.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WINTER.

BY CHRISTIAN KEBLER.

The winter is coming,
And waning the fall;
The snow-flakes are flocking
The rusty old wall;
The trees in the orchard,
The brooklet's bright flow,
The flowers in the garden,
Are covered with snow,

Dark clouds ever hover
Above the bright earth,
Yet cannot dispel all
Our music and mirth.
The winds are now rushing
With fury along,
We sit by our fireside
And whistle a song.

The storm will be weary,
The clouds disappear,
The snow that surrounds us
But adds to our cheer.
When bells tinkle loudly,
Our gallant steeds neigh,
We heed not the storm-wind,
While mounting our sleigh.

We speed like the lightning
Along the gay road,
By meadow and woodland,
And humble abode;
And ending our races,
We feast in the hall,
And dance till the sunlight
Around us does fall.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MRS. MORRISON'S MISTAKE.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"Nor a domestic will I ever trust again—no, Mr. Morrison! It is really a shame—the way I've been imposed upon, by servants, ever since the day I went to housekeeping. The most faithless, ungrateful set—and that dreadful Katharine, I declare, the worst of all! To think how I prized that girl, and told everybody what a treasure she was, and thought myself so lucky in getting her! But it's just the way. Now, what am I to do, Mr. Morrison?"

"Get a girl in Katharine's place, I suppose; though I don't know how much we shall better ourselves. For my part, Mrs. Morrison, I hate the whole tribe of servants, from beginning to end. They're all dishonest alike, in my opinion. If it wasn't that you couldn't get along without them, not one should set foot in my house."

"You don't detest them worse than I do, Mr. Morrison, goodness knows. I wish I could do every atom of my own work, and not be tormented with the creatures. To think about their treachery and deceit! For now that Katharine has proved herself no better than the rest, I don't believe an honest one can be found."

"Well, we must put up with what comes first to hand now, I suppose. I'll go to the intelligence office, and see what I can find."

"O, but Mr. Morrison, for pity's sake don't bring home anything and everything—do look and see that the girl's a decent-looking one, whoever you get."

"Of course; but perhaps I mayn't meet with one to-day. What will you do in that case? Couldn't you get somebody to help you, meanwhile?"

"I don't know—no, indeed, of course not! Whom should I get? But don't for pity's sake suppose such a thing! I tell you I can't possibly get along without one longer than to-day—and mercy knows how I shall make out as it is! Here it is washing-day, and Mrs. Murray has got washing enough to last her till night, and I must go to cooking dinner and doing up the housework myself, in the midst of it. O, that dreadful Katharine! To think that she should turn out so!"

"Well, Mrs. Morrison, you must look out for the next one that comes—that's all I know."

"That I will. I'll never trust a soul of them again! I'll watch them closer than a cat would a mouse; for there's not one of them, I believe, that wouldn't do as Katharine's done—if not worse. I declare, I can't help thinking about that creature, and it's enough to make one cry with vexation! Well! if ever I catch any of my help doing what Katharine did, I'll not be content with dismissing her without a character, but I'll give her up to the law. *That's* what I'll do." And Mrs. Morrison, with this, tied on an immense apron over her morning-dress, and descended to the culinary regions, to look after the dinner, with her mind in a state past description.

Ever since she first went to housekeeping, as she said, she had been tormented with servants, in one way or another; and finally, when she flattered herself she had found a perfect treasure, and had kept this treasure, in the shape of Miss Katharine O'Callahan, for the space of three months, it was discovered that Miss Katharine was in the habit of supplying her family in food, from her master's table, besides helping herself, quietly, to various articles of her mistress's property, whenever she found it convenient. On the very morning of the conversation above recorded, she had betrayed herself in the act of filling her big brother's basket with numerous good things from the store-room, and utterly discomposed by the sudden appearance of Mr. Morrison, allowed him to extort from her a confession that such had been her practice nearly ever since she had been there; and shortly, other peccadilloes were brought forward to the light, which, altogether, formed an array of wickedness and audacity perfectly astonishing. Now, Mrs. Morrison found out what had become of the bracelet which she thought she had lost at Mrs. Marsh's party; now, her lace pelerine, and sleeves, and collar, which had been purloined from the clothes-line some weeks previously, were suddenly accounted for; now, Mr. Morrison's shirt-studs and diamond-pin were brought from the lists of the lost. True, Katharine declared she didn't take the bracelet, nor the laces, although she confessed to the rest. But then, of course, although she said it, she was not for a moment to be believed. No, of course not! She had lost all right to be believed. Mrs. Morrison declared she would never believe her in the world; or any other servant, she added.

So this morning, the lady set about preparing dinner in a state of the greatest perturbation. She missed Katharine's services, and continually lamented their loss; for doing her work alone, now, she realized their value. But her indignation at the recollection of the girl's treachery remained at its full height, notwithstanding she felt the need of help, and fretted unceasingly because she was without it; yet, even while she waited, with the utmost impatience, the arrival of some one, was predisposed to judge by her experience with Katharine every domestic whom she might henceforth employ.

It may reasonably be supposed that Mrs. Morrison was by no means in the best humor in the world, when she went to the kitchen. Mrs. Murray, the honest Scotch washerwoman, thought so when she came in, but it was not her concern. Besides, she supposed that Mrs. Morrison had her trials, as well as poorer people, and in her charitable heart made it out all right.

"Mrs. Murray," said Mrs. Morrison, as she brought in from the pantry the meat which the butcher's boy had just left, "Mrs. Murray, how long will it take you to do up the washing to-day?"

Mrs. Murray looked dubiously towards the great basket of clothes lying close by. Mr. Morrison and Tom (that was the son, a young man of seventeen) were both extremely fastidious in regard to their linen—more so than was needful or reasonable, as Mrs. Morrison herself declared, although she was equally unmerciful in the way of starched cambrics and embroideries, and consequently, the clothes-basket generally presented a formidable appearance on Mondays. To-day, however, it was piled up higher than usual, and the washerwoman doubted her ability to finish before half past three or four in the afternoon.

"Half past three or four? Dear me, Mrs. Murray, it appears to me that you might finish sooner than that," said Mrs. Morrison, impatiently.

"Yes, ma'am; but ye see the shirts—twelve o' them—yes, thirteen, and six sheets, and all those ruffled pillow-cases, and your clothes besides—"

"Well, well, never mind," interrupted the lady, testily, "be as quick as you can, for I want to go out this afternoon."

"Indeed, ma'am, I'll get done as soon as possible," answered Mrs. Murray, humbly. And with redoubled exertion, she continued her labor.

Poor Mrs. Murray! A weary time she had of it, working in that hot basement all day long; but though her arms grew tired, and her feet ached with standing, and the great drops stood on her heated brow, she toiled with a contented and hopeful heart, for wouldn't she have fifty cents at night to carry home, to help make up the rent that was due to-morrow? And a picture of the pleasant though humble apartment that was all her home, with its bright walls and snowy floor, and the sweet afternoon sunshine—the sunshine that was hers as well as the rich man's—shining in through the open doorway, and her husband coming from his work to meet her, as she came from hers—all this came to her, standing there over the steaming wash-tub. And she rubbed away, smiling to herself as she worked, thinking of it. Mrs. Morrison's testiness was forgotten for awhile in that cheering day-dream. It took very little to make her happy; and while she could keep out of debt, and had her health, and could help Jamie keep the roof over their heads, she was a glad and fortunate woman.

Well, Mrs. Morrison dressed the meat and vegetables, and made a pudding, and got the dinner progressing satisfactorily, altogether, and by that time it was twelve o'clock. Not a sign of any girl was there yet; and with a fretful sigh, the lady went up stairs to attend to things there. The parlors were dusted and arranged, after a little while, and then a thousand other things, in various directions about the house, claimed her attention. Between looking after her culinary affairs, and doing whatever other work required to be done, it was three o'clock almost before she knew it; and she had scarcely time to re-arrange her hair, and change her dress, before Mr. Morrison came in to dinner, followed directly after by Tom.

She hastened to meet her husband, with inquiries concerning his success at the intelligence office. She could not but be gratified to learn that he had secured a girl, and one who promised, from her general appearance and address, and from her avowed qualifications, the most perfect satisfaction. She was to come that evening. A sigh of relief escaped Mrs. Morrison. Her morning's toil, in one way and another, had completely wearied her out; and she was really elated with the prospect of assistance. She was quite willing to wait till evening, if the girl could come then.

"Is she Irish?" she demanded of her husband.

"No—an English girl, stout and healthy-looking, and as neat as one could wish. She seems active and capable, and has a civil, frank, honest manner, that alone recommended her. An English girl would be a prize to you, I thought."

"Yes, indeed—not an Irish girl shall ever come into my family again. And as is is," she added, with the memory of Katharine's wickedness still rankling in her mind, "as it is, there's no knowing whether the English mayn't be just as bad. I shall keep a sharp eye upon this one, at any rate. She may have her faults, in spite of her honest appearance. What's her name?"

"Margaret Willett. I dare say you will like her, Mrs. Morrison."

"I should hope so," joined in Tom, "for it's a regular bore, blacking one's boots one's self, in the morning. So I hope you'll make up your mind to keep her."

He was a very fine young gentleman, Tom Morrison. Happy the maid-of-all-work in his mother's house, who was obliged to run hither and thither, at the command of Mr. Tom Morrison. A weary life of it she led.

Dinner was over, and Mr. Morrison, after a half-hour's reading of the morning papers, in the sitting-room, put on his hat and went back to the store. Mrs. Morrison, who was just putting away the dinner-dishes, heard the front door shut.

"I wonder where Thomas is?" she said to herself. "It is time he were at the counting-room."

Going through the sitting-room, on her way to the basement, she looked at Mr. Morrison's watch, which hung over the mantel, and which he had left at home, on account of the chain being broken. It was after four.

"Tom," she called at the foot of the stairs, "Tom, aren't you going to the store this afternoon?"

And Tom, from his chamber, answered that he was just sealing a letter, which he desired to mail on his way to his place of business.

So Mrs. Morrison went down to the kitchen, and presently heard her son come down stairs, and shortly leave the house. Mrs. Murray had not yet finished washing, but a half-hour more, she thought, would see the last piece disposed of; and, tired as she was, the reflection was cheering to her. Mrs. Morrison left her at her work, and went back up stairs to receive a lady visitor. It was too late to go out this afternoon, so she devoted the remainder of the afternoon to her friend, in a comfortable chat, during which she gave a detailed account of her many grievances in domestic matters, enlarging principally on Katharine's scandalous behaviour, being regaled, on the part of her friend, with reminiscences of corresponding misfortunes.

Mrs. Morrison was aroused by the voice of Mrs. Murray, who, with her bonnet on, came and knocked at the parlor door, to tell the lady that she had done washing, and that the clothes were all dried and folded in the baskets, with the exception of a few pieces which she had put out last, and that now she was going home. So Mrs. Morrison paid her, and she went, with weary limbs but a light heart, homeward. Not a great while after, her visitor departed, and at seven, Mr. Morrison came home to tea. He inquired if the new girl had come yet.

"No—she seems to be in no hurry," returned his wife.

"O, well, I dare say she will be valuable enough to pay for making you wait a little, you will find," returned Mr. Morrison, anxious, by endeavoring to propitiate his wife in favor of the new girl, to save himself the trouble of a fresh hunt through the intelligence office.

After tea, the two adjourned to the sitting-room. Tom had gone to the theatre with a fellow-clerk, and it was somewhat lonely. Mr. Morrison took a newspaper from his coat pocket to read.

"By-the-way, Mrs. Morrison," he said, "I have got my chain repaired;" and he stepped to the mantel. Then he turned about.

"O, you've got it, I suppose, haven't you, Mrs. Morrison?"

"Got what?"

"Why, my watch."

"No, I haven't. It is hanging up there, isn't it?"

"No—I don't see it."

"Mr. Morrison, you don't tell me that watch is gone?" she cried, rising.

"Come and look for yourself."

She went to the mantel and saw the nail where the watch had hung—nothing more. The husband and wife regarded each other with astonishment. He was the first to speak.

"Mrs. Morrison, who has been here? Since dinner, I mean"

"Not a soul in the room. It looks like Katharine's doings. If she were here—"

"She *isn't* here, Mrs. Morrison. And the watch couldn't have gone without hands. Whose hands could they have been?"

"Sure enough—whose? No one has entered the room, to my knowledge, except myself and Mrs.—"

She paused, as a sudden thought struck her, and glanced at her husband.

"Well," he said, "why don't you go on?"

"*And Mrs. Murray!* There, Mr. Morrison, that creature—"

"Is just what I suspected. Not a whit better than all the rest. That's *my* opinion."

"Exactly, Mr. Morrison. It just entered my mind that she passed through here, on her way to the parlor, to let me know that she was ready to go home. O, the wicked, ungrateful thing! Now I remember how odd she looked, and how her hand trembled when I paid her. No wonder! Mr. Morrison, I haven't a doubt remaining! Now something must be done. I dare say that woman knew about Katharine, and thought if we let her off so easy, that she might take whatever she pleased, without fear of punishment, even if she should be detected. But she *shall* be punished! Mr. Morrison, you'd better go directly down to her house—you know where she lives—and take a police officer with you, to arrest her. Perhaps you may get the watch back; but there's no telling. At any rate, even if you do, don't let that creature escape. She deserves to be made an example of. That splendid gold watch, that cost one hundred dollars! Hurry, Mr. Morrison, as fast as you can."

Seizing his hat, Mr. Morrison started off. Procuring a police officer, he hastened to the humble dwelling of the poor washerwoman. They found her alone, her husband being away, and immediately charged her with the theft.

The poor woman was horror-struck. With tears in her eyes, she protested her innocence; but her accuser was not a pitiful man. He insisted on her guilt, and threatened her with the most rigorous punishment, unless she instantly restored the stolen property.

She was almost wild with grief. "But I ha'e na got the thing, I tell ye!" she cried, frantically. "Winna ye hear me? How can I gi'e't ye, when I ha'e't not?"

"Don't tell me you haven't got it, woman!" Mr. Morrison answered, sternly. "I'll find it, shortly. Come, Buckley, search the room!"

And they did search; but in vain. No watch was forthcoming. Mrs. Murray's face grew brighter, with the idea that they were now convinced of her innocence.

"Did na'I tell ye," she cried, "that I had it not? Noo I hope ye'll believe me."

But what was her horror to hear Mr. Morrison declare that, if it was not in the house, she must have sold it!

"O, hoo can ye, Mr. Morrison—hoo can ye!" she uttered, wringing her hands. "O, what will become o' me?"

"Become of you? Why, you'll go straight to prison, ma'am—*that's* what will become of you! Come, Buckley, march her off."

Throwing herself at his feet, she begged earnestly for pity, asserting her innocence with such simplicity and truthfulness, that the officer, already disposed to believe her, hesitated to proceed to immediate action. He was astonished at and ashamed of Mr. Morrison's unmanly behaviour. Mrs. Murray entreated that she might not be sent to prison. She begged only to go up to Mrs. Morrison, and endeavor to persuade her of her innocence. In this the officer seconded her. He was a man of much humanity, and it troubled him to witness her distress. Turning aside, he recommended Mr. Morrison to accede to her request. He did so, reluctantly, and they immediately proceeded to that gentleman's residence. Here Mrs. Morrison was eagerly awaiting her husband's appearance; and seeing the washerwoman coming also, commenced overwhelming her with reproaches.

In vain Mrs. Murray attempted to convince her hard accusers of her innocence. She declared that she had not even seen a watch, when she passed through the sitting-room, on going home. She asserted her incapability of theft. She appealed to them if she had not always been found trustworthy, since they had employed her. She urged the good character—the honest name she had always borne.

And in the midst of this scene, the door-bell rung. The new girl had come—a fair-haired, bright-faced, buxom-looking English girl, whose appearance spoke well in her favor, as Mrs. Morrison could not but acknowledge, at first sight. She lifted her trunk in from the steps, where the coachman had left it, as though it were a feather; and then, with bonnet and shawl still on, stepped inside the parlor door, where she stood, while Mrs. Morrison alternately plied her with questions, and loaded poor Mrs. Murray with the most heartless reproaches and accusations. Margaret Willett's answers were honest and satisfactory; and after some fifteen minutes' time, Mrs. Morrison said:

"Well, Margaret, you may go up stairs—three flights, the second door on the left—and take your things off. That's your room."

But she never noticed that Margaret stood perfectly still, instead of obeying her, and gathering, from her accusations, and Mrs. Murray's earnest, tearful protestations, a pretty distinct idea of the business going on before her. She stood by in silence, thinking how soon, in Mrs. Morrison's service, she herself might be placed in a position similar to that of this poor woman, with no way of proving her innocence. Her ruddy cheeks grew ruddier still, as she listened to Mrs. Morrison's unladylike language.

Suddenly, the front door opened, and Tom Morrison entered. Throwing his cap upon the stand in the hall, he advanced towards the scene of action.

"Hallo, mother, what's the fuss?" demanded he, in his elegant way.

"Fuss enough, I should think, Tom!" returned his mother, angrily. "Here this audacious woman has been stealing your father's watch, that was hanging up in the sitting-room to-day, and she declares she hasn't seen it! But there's proof enough, and I wont stand here talking any longer. Now, Mr. Morrison, I *will* have justice done this time. *She* sha'n't escape, as Katharine did. Will you have her taken off, or not?"

"Hold on, mother!" cried Tom Morrison, coloring up to the roots of his hair; "don't be in such a hurry. You've no need to think, because Katharine O'Callahan was a thief, that everybody else is, as well. *There's* the watch!" and drawing it from his pocket, he laid it upon the table. "I took it before I went from dinner, this afternoon, to wear to the theatre this evening."

There was silence—perfect, unbroken—among all there except Mrs. Murray. An ejaculation of joy and gratitude to Providence escaped her lips, and then a flood of almost ecstatic tears followed. Mr. Morrison and his wife regarded each other with confusion and humiliation. Mr. Buckley took his hat; and while Mrs. Murray, too happy to reproach her accusers, hastened, without a word, to leave the house and hurry home to her Jamie, Margaret Willett turned also, to take her own departure. At this, Mrs. Morrison found words. Hastily catching Margaret's arm, she said, in a tone of alarm:

"Why, where are you going?"

"Back to my boarding-house, that I came from," said Margaret, resolutely. "I don't like to take service here. If I'd happened to have been here to-day, it's like enough *I'd* ha' been taken up, as well as she. I don't like it. It's dangerous." And away went Margaret, trunk and all.

Mrs. Morrison lost a good washerwoman and a good maid-servant at once, that night. And it was long and long ere she got others in their place, too; for in some way, the story of that day's proceedings got about, and it seemed almost as if every washerwoman and every maid-servant in town knew of it. Mrs. Murray, with her kindly, honest heart, would have pitied her quondam patroness, if she had known how much shame and mortification her hard, hasty, suspicious nature cost her.

Margaret Willett obtained a situation in a family where Mrs. Morrison was a frequent visitor; and that lady had the satisfaction, thereafter, of listening to Mrs. Vincent's warm and earnest praises of Margaret—encomiums on her honesty, her industry, capability, and perfect trustworthiness, and of reflecting on the prize she had lost, for Margaret has been at Mrs. Vincent's ever since, and is likely to remain there.

SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE.

It will be recollected that one of Sir Walter Scott's sayings was that, "whatever might be said about luck, it is skill that leads to fortune." Few self-indulgent and apathetic men do well in any line of life. The skilful, the active, and the steadily persevering, usually carry off the prizes which turn up in the wheel of fortune. At the same time, something is due to circumstances, as well as to the Power which wisely controls human destiny. Practically, however, the thing to be borne in mind is—that the young are bound to exercise all proper means to secure improvement in their condition—that with a fair share of ambition, prudence and meritorious skill, it may be possible to attain a station of eminence—that is, "fortune," though perhaps not without corresponding responsibilities and cares. We present the following compendious list of distinguished men who rose from humble and obscure circumstances:

Æsop, Publius Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus—all distinguished men in ancient times—were serfs at their outset in life.

Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter.

Cleanthes, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water and carrying burdens.

The late Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of his age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most depressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other recorded; but he was finally rewarded with the highest honors.

Bandocvin, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and worked for many years at the same business.

Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor, and, although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures.

The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated, was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr. Wolcott—otherwise Peter Pindar—working as a sawyer at the bottom of a sawpit.

Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the 16th century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I., was the son of a clothworker at Guilford.

Ammenius Saccophorus, founder of the Mystic Philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat. Hence the latter part of his name.

Amyot, a French author of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, lived in the 16th century, and was at first so poor as to be unable to afford oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by fire-light; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly.—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

News Glances.

ASTRONOMICAL.—So rapid has been the recent progress of discovery in the asteroidal region between Mars and Jupiter, that the known number of those mysterious bodies has more than doubled during the last three years. No less than eight were added to the cluster in 1852, four in 1853, and six in 1854, making a present total of thirty-three members.

CHOLERA IN PARIS.—A Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune says the cholera has appeared in that city, and that at Hotel Dieu there were about one hundred deaths during the month just passed, and almost an equal number at each of the other large hospitals. The government is endeavoring to suppress the fact of its appearance.

THE NAVAL RETIRING BOARD.—Hon. Thomas H. Benton has written a characteristic letter condemning the recent Naval Board and its action. He says the law establishing it was "a bad one, passed in a bad way, and made worse in its execution."

CURIOUS PASSION.—There is living at the North End, in this city, a woman who has a perfect passion for cats, and has at the present time no less than nine of various ages in her possession. She takes the very kindest care of them.

AN EXAMPLE FOR CHRISTIANS.—The Hindoos, when gathering in their harvest, before it is removed from the threshing-floor, take out the portion for their god. However poor, or in debt, or small the crop, the god's portion is first given.

ROME.—The census of Rome has just been officially promulgated. In all there are 177,464 inhabitants, of whom 5081 are priests, monks, nuns or seminarists, or one to every 35 inhabitants.

WILD DUCKS.—One hundred men and forty sloops belonging to Havre de Grace, Md., are employed annually, through the proper season, in supplying the market with wild ducks.

JUST SO.—Editors are of more use than philosophers. The stars are immense worlds, and yet, owing to their great distance, they give less light and warmth than two shilling lanterns.

DEATHS FROM CONSUMPTION.—In Boston, for a number of years past, the deaths from consumption have been about one-sixth of the whole number.

CHURCH PROPERTY.—Some pews in a new church at Chicago were sold, recently, for $26,000 on the first day.

PEACHES.—Thus far, the peaches are all safe—but who knows what a day may bring forth in this variable climate?

BIRTHS IN CITIES.—Last year, the births in Boston exceeded the deaths by more than 1000.

A BIG FIELD.—Russia is 14 times the size of France, and 138 times that of England.

SAVINGS BANKS.—There are eighty savings banks in the State of Massachusetts.

THE FLAG OF OUR U

MATURIN M. BALLO
EDITOR AND PROPRI

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Yet so it is; our New England do for "pokes," who "succeed be and this story of spring having illegal fiction. April makes fools o May is a capricious, heartless co springs begin in June. Maying p tense humbugs. We have been May in our time, and snow-balling season many a time and oft.

But as for this month of March we say of it? It is a blustering, ing, swaggering, gascons rowdy. tleman. It gives itself airs—or, cances. It has no reverence for ag tion or infirmity, wealth or poverty glarions, entering people's houses u blasts. It makes free with our h it compromises our dignity; it sen goose chases after our hats, along blind alleys, and "up all manne It is prodigal of catarrhs, and in matisms; it is inimical to marine us on tenter-hooks with regard to th of foreign news; it puts us to enorm in repairing awnings, shutters and i a vicious spite against chimney-po lously rough with bluffy pigeons, " in a dove-cote." It is a notorious ought to be arrested and bound ov peace; it ought to be tried for nas tery; it is not fit to keep company able months; it is covered all over like the letters on a sign-board. out of it as soon as possible. It disagreeable month of the year, an dismiss it from our page; and wo dismiss it from our mind.

COLLEGES AND PROFESSIONAL.—According to the census and other there are in the United States with not far from 1100 professo ers, and 12,000 students; 44 theo naries, with 127 professors, and 13 17 law schools, with 37 professors, dents; and 37 medical schools, w fessors, and 5451 students.

HORSE FLESH.—It is said tha enters largely into the composition A gentleman says it must be so, be a night-mare after eating them. form a part of the bill of fare o course.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—A fashionable Paris ran in debt to the extent of fo dollars in three years, besides spen thousand dollars a year each. She die in the poor house.

GREAT UNDERTAKING.—It is bridge the Hudson at Albany, if t give their sanction. Little doubt h that the gigantic enterprise will be

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MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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"GENTLE SPRING."

And this is spring, is it? Spring, that we sighed after when we had got tired of sleighing and cradle-holes; spring, that Miss Sophronisba Friskin, as she bent over her piano in melodious ecstasy, assured us was "coming," with a distinct reference to birds being "blithe and gay, love." (Wonder, by the way, if that sodden pigeon, who sits shivering on the eaves of the opposite house, "forenent" the big icicle, be one of those "blithe and gay" spring birds? He doesn't seem particularly "jolly."). Yes, this is spring; we have just entered on the enjoyment of its blessings. Hand us Thomson! The book opens of itself at the passage. Let us recite: "Hail, gentle Spring! Ethereal mildness—" Hullo! what's that crash? Nothing; only a blind slamming to, and four panes of glass destroyed by the March zephyr. Ah, Thomson, you were a sad rogue! Bryant had a greater reverence for the truth. He did not talk of the mildness of March, though he confessed to a weakness for it. He acknowledged that it was a "wild and stormy month," and only claimed that it brought the "promise of the spring."

Let us lay aside the poets, however, and while the glazier is "taking panes" to restore the integrity of the sash, let us glance into the street, and see how matters are going on there. Our friend the pigeon has been blown overboard, and knocked in the head with an icicle. Deacon Cyrus Foster chaneing to pass, picks up the defunct bird on his way to the hill, as a present to his bride, "a bride no longer, but dearer as a wife than bride." And there goes Mellen (alphabet M.) in pursuit of his hat, looking madder than a March hare. His ribbons are fluttering in the breeze, and that mysterious "order of the serpent," which he wears next to his "heart of hearts, Horatio," is nearly blown out of his button-hole. "Hail, gentle Spring!" Well, it does hail, and snow, too; a passing squall—like the cries of that child hurried by in its nurse's arms. The order of the weather clerk may be "Forward, March!" but by the blessings of *Leap* year, this looks like a "backward spring."

Yet so it is; our New England springs only do for "polcks," who "succeed best in fiction;" and this story of spring having arrived is an illegal fiction. April makes fools of us all, while May is a capricious, heartless coquette. Our springs begin in June. Maying parties are intense humbugs. We have been sleighing in May in our time, and snow-balling at the same season many a time and oft.

But as for this month of March—what shall we say of it? It is a blustering, roaring, ranting, swaggering, gaseous rowdy. It is no gentleman. It gives itself airs—or, rather, hurricanes. It has no reverence for age or sex, station or infirmity, wealth or poverty. It is burglarious, entering people's houses with pick-lock blasts. It makes free with our best garments; it compromises our dignity; it sends us on wild-goose chases after our hats, along highways and blind alleys, and "up all manners of streets." It is prodigal of catarrhs, and insinuates rheumatisms; it is inimical to mariners, and keeps us on tenter-hooks with regard to the non-arrival of foreign news; it puts us to enormous expenses in repairing awnings, shutters and blinds; it has a vicious spite against chimney-pots; it is ruthlessly rough with belfry pigeons, "like an eagle in a dove-cote." It is a notorious offender; it ought to be arrested and bound over to keep the peace; it ought to be tried for assault and battery; it is not fit to keep company with respectable months; it is covered all over with guilt—like the letters on a sign-board. We shall get out of it as soon as possible. It is the most disagreeable month of the year, and as such we dismiss it from our page; and would we could dismiss it from our mind.

COLLEGES AND PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS.—According to the census and other later returns, there are in the United States 117 colleges, with not far from 1100 professors and teachers, and 12,000 students; 44 theological seminaries, with 127 professors, and 1372 students; 17 law schools, with 37 professors, and 797 students; and 37 medical schools, with 242 professors, and 5451 students.

HORSE FLESH.—It is said that horse flesh enters largely into the composition of sausages. A gentleman says it must be so, because he has a night-mare after eating them. Colt-stakes form a part of the bill of fare on every race-course.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—A fashionable woman in Paris ran in debt to the extent of forty thousand dollars in three years, besides spending twenty thousand dollars a year cash. She will probably die in the poor house.

GREAT UNDERTAKING.—It is proposed to bridge the Hudson at Albany, if the legislature give their sanction. Little doubt is entertained that the gigantic enterprise will be successful.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can send all new or old subscribers the back numbers of our paper from January 1st, making the work complete for the current year.

THE FINE ARTS FOR LADIES.

We have often wondered that the arts of drawing and painting were not more assiduously cultivated by ladies; at least, to a certain extent. Not with the view of becoming artists—not in the hope of attaining the rank of Angelica Kauffman, but for the purpose of adding a new grace to home, of acquiring a keener perception of the beauties of nature, of multiplying the resources of that isolation which is a necessary attendant of domesticity, and as a complement to a high education. A lady enters on the study of art with more than one advantage over a man; she possesses more patience and a better natural eye for color. We never look upon an elaborate piece of ornamental needlework, however beautiful and graceful, without regretting that the time devoted to its accomplishment had not been given to higher efforts, something less mechanical, and exerting more influence. We may be told that all well-educated young females are taught drawing. Yes—as they are taught mechanics, metaphysics, and the sciences,—they receive a smattering, and no more. They copy poor patterns in a lifeless manner, and end their educational course without having received the faintest insight into the great world of art. It is time that a better system prevailed. Well did Lord Dufferin remark in a recent address to the young ladies of Belfast, Ireland:

"But I would venture to say one word on the immense gratification you would find it to be able to handle the brush, the pencil, or the modelling tool with a certain amount of facility. But comparatively little time would be necessary to obtain a most pleasant proficiency in any of those branches. Most people, if they would but exercise it, possess the power of taking likenesses; and, without soaring to the higher regions of art, a very little practice would enable you to take faithful portraits of your friends in water colors, clay, or crayon. What would many a stricken heart have often given even for the rudest resemblance of some dear face whose place is vacant by the Christmas fire! The most valued of my own family pictures is a sister's portrait of her sailor brother, who lived to become one of England's most distinguished captains. The most popular of modern statues was executed by the daughter of a French king; the saddest souvenirs of Schonbrunn are the girlish drawings of Marie Antoinette."

FIRST TRANS-ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP.

To this country belongs the honor of sending the first trans-Atlantic steamship to Great Britain. She was the Savannah, of three hundred and eighty tons, barque-rigged, with a horizontal engine. She left Savannah, Georgia, in May, 1819, and arrived at Liverpool in twenty-two days. When she arrived in St. George's Channel, moving along under bare poles, with smoke issuing from her chimney, she was thought to be a ship on fire, and the alarm caused by her appearance speedily gave way to astonishment when her real character was made known. From Liverpool she proceeded to the Baltic, and the Emperor Alexander visited her, and expressed to the captain (Moses Rogers) his admiration of the new trans-Atlantic steamer. As a testimony of his sentiments, he presented Captain Rogers with two chains from the imperial arsenal, one of which is still preserved in the garden of Mr. Dunning, of Savannah, as a souvenir of the most important enterprise of modern times.

HAYTI.

The emperor Faustin I. is in a very bad fix. His army has run away from the Dominicans, whom he threatened to annihilate, and he dare not even re-enter his capital for fear of a formidable insurrection that has arisen there. The general verdict is, "served him right." He had no cause of complaint against the Dominicans, and the war he declared against them was utterly unjustifiable. He has lost his money, his reputation, and perhaps his crown, and now stands between two fires. Before this goes to press we shall probably hear that he has lost his head into the bargain, and "gone where all *bad* niggers go."

SHIP-BUILDING.—The great ship-builders of East Boston have been very busy of late. We credit them with the following constructions: Donald McKay, a ship of 1600 tons, one of 1000 tons, and a barque of 600 tons; Pratt & Osgood, a ship of 1200 tons; Messrs. Boole one of 1200 tons; and Samuel Hall, a clipper of 1400 tons. Messrs. Briggs of South Boston have lately built two large ships, Curtis of Medford two large ships, and Haydn & Cudworth are at work on a huge clipper.

BINDING.—Having extended the facilities for prompt and neat work in our binding department, we are now prepared to bind all works handed in to us, at the lowest prices, and in the best possible manner. Books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, will be bound in any desired form; our own works being finished as heretofore, and at the same rates.

FEROCITY.—The Persian ambassador at Moscow recently lost a son by the carelessness of a servant, who kindled a pan of charcoal in his bedroom. The Russian authorities would not allow the envoy to flay the servant alive, and he was taken home in a box to have the operation performed in Persia.

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—It is said that a man was found lately sitting on a granite rock with his feet in a brook, trying to catch cold so that he could sing base in the choir on Sunday. It would be *base* to in-*quire* if such a story were true.

A GOOD NAME.—The London city telegraph is managed by Alderman *Wire*. This is putting "the right man in the right place." They ought to have a Pole as his assistant.

ALL IN THE TRADE.—An advertisement appeared the other day for artificial flower workers. Half the bakers in the city answered it.

A QUESTION.—Is a man who has a present of a pair of boots to be called a "free-booter?"

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Experiments in making gas from wood at Worcester have been successful.

An elephant, lost overboard near Charleston, S. C., swam thirty miles to land, recently.

Sergeant James Henry, of the National Lancers, was lately buried under arms.

We may as well say good-by to the sleighing. "All that's fair must fade."

Martin Luther said: "This fool (Copernicus) will turn astronomy upside down."

William of Normandy, the model knight, won Matilda of Flanders by beating her.

Sydney Smith says we must despise no sort of talent. God made it all.

Mr. Webster said he regarded agriculture as the leading interest of society.

A Cochin rooster has been imported to work in an ox-cart. Where's the "Young Un?"

It is proposed to extend the limits of Albany by adding a mile of territory.

There are more muscles drawing the mouth up than there are that draw it down.

It is thought that prunes may be raised in this country for drying as well as in France.

An exchange paper says, "We reluctantly decline publishing 'Truth.'" Sorry to hear it.

Our army established newspapers in Mexico; the British, racing clubs in the Crimea.

The yeomanry of England are said to be decreasing in numbers.

The ladies of the Female Philadelphia College carry pistols in their belts.

Buchanan Read is about returning to Italy, to paint, and write poetry.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens "cut her stick" at Marathon, and gave it to her publishers.

The Eagle Hotel at New Haven was built long before the Revolution.

Ralph Waldo Emerson has written a new book called "English Traits."

A clockmaker in one of our cities failed lately because his business went on tick.

Mr. Poinpar Curtis speaks very slightingly of Bulwer in his lectures.

An English-woman said most ladies had rather be courted and jilted than entirely neglected.

CLUBS FOR THE FLAG.

AWARDING THE PRIZES.

According to our agreement, we now proceed to award the prizes which were offered for the New Year's subscriptions—in doing which, we cheerfully wish those who have won them, perfect satisfaction and much enjoyment of the same.

1. C. K. LARNER, of Springfield, Vt., having sent us 140 subscribers, making the first largest club, will receive a beautiful new SILVER TEA SET. Tea urn, cream pitcher, sugar bowl, slop dish and silver salver, making five pieces of sterling silver, manufactured for us by Jones, Shreve & Brown, Boston. Value, $250.

2. J. THORNTON YEOMS, of Martinsburg, Va., having sent us 124 subscribers, making the second largest club, will receive a large fine Boston built MELODEON, elegantly cased, and suitable for a church or parlor ornament, warranted perfect in all respects. Value, $175.

3. W. R. KENYON, of Masonville, N. Y., having sent us 97 subscribers, making the third largest club, will receive an elegant English GOLD LEVER WATCH, chronometer and compensation balance, and extra jewels, new, and warranted a perfect watch in all respects, and of the best workmanship. Value, $120.

4. J. E. PEARLEE, of Haverhill, Mass., having sent us 80 subscribers, making the fourth largest club, will receive a superb English SILVER LEVER WATCH, same movement as above, heavy cased, and perfect in all respects, and warranted as to time and workmanship. Value, $90.

5. W. HINDS, of Winchester, Va., having sent us 74 subscribers, making the fifth largest club, will receive a valuable library of SIXTY BOUND VOLUMES, new and standard works, including biographies, histories, travels, etc., such as should ornament any home circle. Value, $75.

6. C. HILAND, of DeKalb, Illinois, having sent us 64 subscribers, making the sixth largest club, will receive an elegant brass-bound portable black walnut WRITING-DESK, of the most exquisite workmanship, manufactured to our own order, with secret drawers, etc., by G. S. Tolman, 118 Washington Street, Boston, and furnished with every usual article. Value, $80.

7. PERES BOSWORTH, of Warren, R. I., having sent us 51 subscribers, making the seventh largest club, will receive an elegantly wrought SILK PURSE, suitable for either gentleman or lady, and containing in GOLD DOLLARS, twenty-five dollars. Value, $30.

8. A. J. PADDOCK, of Concord, Michigan, having sent us 47 subscribers, making the eighth largest club, will receive a SILVER ENGLISH WATCH, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school; warranted. Value, $25.

9. R. J. WOODHOUSE, of Lexington, Ky., having sent us 39 subscribers, making the ninth largest club, will receive four elegant large STEEL ENGRAVINGS, framed in gilt, representing the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter—elegant parlor ornaments. Value, $20.

10. H. T. KENNEDY, of Marcellus, N. Y., having sent us 33 subscribers, making the tenth largest club, will receive a FINE GOLD PENCIL CASE AND PEN HOLDER, with gold pen, of a new pattern; an exceedingly beautiful and useful pocket companion. Value, $18.

WEDDING CAKE.—We have heard of mammoth squashes, mammoth watermelons, mammoth beets, and other large groceries; but the mammothest cake we ever read of was lately produced in London, at the wedding of Sir Robert Peele and Lady Emily Hay. It was formed in three steps, one of them large enough to support large vases of flowers, and the whole surmounted by a large Corinthian pillar. We do not know the exact dimensions, but it was probably as "large as all out doors."

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co., 1856.

The edition before us comprises the four volumes in one in 8vo. form, double columns, printed in good type, with the full index to each volume, and embellished with a fine steel engraving of the author. It is sold at only one dollar, so that every family may possess a copy of this brilliant historical production. For sale by Tichnor & Co.

Phillips, Sampson & Co. have also published a very neat edition of the third and fourth volumes, in 12mo., sold at 50 cents a volume. The portability of this size commends it to purchasers.

THE WEATHER.—We hope there will be no more craving after a "regular old-fashioned winter," after that we have just passed through. Old Fogyism is as uncomfortable in weather as in most other things.

A GIANT STEAMER.—An iron steamer on the Thames, destined to run to Portland, Maine, is *said* to measure 23,000 tons. A pleasant fiction for marines, but hardly receivable by mariners.

POSSIBLY.—A late traveller informs us that a race of giants has been recently discovered in Central Asia, of such size that they eat fried elephants for breakfast.

FOR ENGLAND.—Our new minister to England, Mr. Dallas, goes out with his whole family. His son will be his private secretary.

HEAVY.—A dry goods firm in this city lately paid in the custom house $30,000 as duties on one importation.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Minister's Wife," a story by WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

"Parting," verses by MARY H. LEEY.

"Doing one's own Housework," a sketch by MARY A. LOWELL.

"The Snow Storm," a poem by WILLIAM L. SHOEMAKER.

"Harmless Gossip," a story by MARY L. MEANY.

"Peace, be still!" stanzas by TAMAR ANNE KENNEDY.

"The Life-like Portrait," a tale by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"The Starter," lines by LILLIE LOURMOND.

"The Race for Life," a story by ALCOTT C. BURDICK.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A fine emblematic picture of the Green Mountain State, Vermont, embracing a fine grouping of artistic designs.

Views of John Taylor & Sons' Brewery, Albany, N. Y., embracing interior and exterior sketches of this extensive and celebrated brewery.

Representation of a Snow Scene in Albany, N. Y.

A superb engraving, delineating the celebrated Mammoth Sleigh, "Cleopatra's Barge," passing the Norfolk House, Roxbury. Covering two entire pages.

Portrait of Hon. Charles A. Phelps, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

Interior View of King's Chapel, Boston, as it appeared dressed for the Christmas Holidays.

View of the city of Venice.

Representation of the Bronze Horses, on the Piazza of St. Mark, Venice.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of the FLAG and one copy of the PICTORIAL when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

The British forces now in the Crimea number about 58,000 men.

A life of Washington is about to be printed at Athens in modern Greek.

In Murano and Venice 4000 men are engaged in the manufacture of glass, and 15,000 people live by it.

M. Scribe proposes to lay aside the pen he has used for thirty years so much to the delight of thousands.

Alexandria and Cairo now communicate with each other by railway and electric telegraph. By the former the distance is eight hours.

The Berlin police have forbidden newspapers to admit advertisements for wives and husbands, on the ground that they are contrary to propriety.

Serious disturbances have broken out at Mecca, and in different parts of Arabia, in consequence of the Porte having prohibited the sale of slaves.

The Belgian papers report that M. Jehosse, the sculptor, of Liege, has discovered in a cupboard of the Vatican Library, a fresco of the head and bust of Charlemagne.

The sultan of Turkey permits all the articles sent from the Ottoman empire to the Paris Exhibition, to be sold for the benefit of the widows and children of those who have fallen in the Crimea.

Mr. Gisborne is now in Egypt to make arrangements for the laying of the submarine electric telegraph from Constantinople to Alexandria, to cross Egypt, and be hereafter extended from Suez to India.

The Emperor Napoleon claims and receives from the Catholic Church its complete subserviency, and whoever refuses this is treated like the other adversaries of the emperor, even if he be foremost in the Catholic ranks.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Truth is like a torch—the more you shake it the more it shivers.

Life is a library of many books—some bound in sheep and some in calf.

The riches you impart form the only wealth you will always retain.

When a man is ready to depart, what matters it whether a man die on the throne or in the dust.

Happiness consists not in having such and such possessions, but in being fitted to enjoy what we have.

The gravest of animals is the ass; the gravest of birds is the owl; the gravest of fishes is the oyster; and the gravest of men is a—fool.

Coarseness of feeling, of language and of action, is the offspring of the impurity of sin and must disappear under the purifying energy of divine grace.

Falsehood strips the mind of its conscious dignity, keeps a man in perpetual fear, and puts invention continually on the rack to prevent the means of detection.

The increase of wealth enlarges the desire of more to enjoy it. He who labors hard for his daily bread, hath seldom such earnest desires for an addition to what he already has.

How lovely, how majestic is simple truth! It seeks no disguise, needs no bred of no defence, is ever consistent with itself, ever inspires with courage him who practises it.

The music of birds was the first song of thanksgiving which was offered on earth before man was formed. All their sounds are different, but all harmonious, and all together compose a choir which we cannot imitate.

He is destitute of the happiest preparation for the enjoyment of prosperity, who has not arrived at it through the path of adversity. To receive with thankfulness, to enjoy with moderation, to resign with cheerfulness, to endure with patience, is the highest pitch of human virtue.

Joker's Budget.

What *bourne* is that from which a traveller frequently returns? Mel-bourne.

What insect would denote that the Spaniards were defeated? The Spanish fly.

Why is the letter H like a cure for deafness? Because it makes the *ear hear*.

"It is time to wind up," as the watchmaker said, when he found he couldn't pay his debts.

A simple friend desires to know whether the abolition of flogging in the navy includes "spanking breezes."

The fellow who broke into an alnshouse and stole a couple of cases of ship fever has finally been detected.

People who wish to lead peaceful lives should never go to balls; for *hops* produce a great deal of bitterness.

A man boasting of his temperance habits, said he never saw a glass of wine without his mouth watering.

Coleman, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied he, "Hook and *eye* are old associates."

A witty lawyer placed on his office-door a card with the inscription, "Those who call on business will please make it *brief*."

"Grandma," said a little urchin, "your specs are up-side-down. Do you wear them thus to see by?" "No, my dear, I wear them so to see."

A philosopher, who had married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call his wife "Brown Sugar," because, he said, she was very sweet, but unrefined.

A contemporary says that the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's ark, is that one was Maid of Orleans, and the other was *made of Gopher* wood.

Quill and Scissors.

The Florence correspondent of the New Orleans Delta states that one Hume, a spiritualist from New York, is in that city, and has created great excitement by exhibitions of his spiritual influence. The government has forbidden him to exercise his power, and he has been stabbed at twice, it was supposed by the instigation of the Jesuits.

On January 12th, M. Chacornac, at the Observatory of Paris, discovered another asteroid of the ninth or tenth magnitude, in the constellation Cancer, near the nebulous star Presepe. This planet is the fourth discovered by M. Chacornac, and the thirty-eighth now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter.

G. R. Alsop's farm, in Middletown, Conn., contains a tree which is three feet in diameter, and is one half maple and one half oak. The body of the tree is round and smooth, and the junction of the two varieties is marked by a slight ridge on the bark, which would hardly be noticed.

In Philadelphia there is an establishment for the manufacture of paper bags, for druggists, grocers, bakers, confectioners, and other dealers, with machinery driven by steam. It produces 60,000 bags of various sizes per day, and consumes nearly one ton and a half of paper per week.

Sir G. Grey, governor of New Zealand, has stated his belief that out of one hundred thousand natives, there were not more than one thousand who did not profess Christianity. Of these, fifty thousand are estimated to be in connection with the Church Missionary Society.

The total funded debt of Philadelphia amounts to $16,781,470 87. The receipts into the treasury last year were $913,753 less than the expenditures. The mayor says that the resources of the city are ample and affluent, and adequate to meet all its present liabilities.

The mammoth steamer now building in England will go to Portland if wharves are provided. The "State of Maine" says that the city council has voted to apply $60,000 to provide wharves for ocean steamers, on obtaining permission from the legislature therefor.

In point of numbers, the farmers of Maine eclipse either of the New England States—numbering 77,016, while New Hampshire has but 47,708; Vermont has 48,312; Massachusetts, 55,082; Rhode Island, 8398; and Connecticut, 31,756.

J. W. Sharpe, the once celebrated comic vocalist, lately died at Dover Union, England, after wandering about the town night and day for several weeks in a poor and destitute condition, dissipation having produced in him a most emaciated appearance.

The value of stone quarried in Rockport for building purposes last year was a quarter of a million dollars. There are some 300 men constantly at work on the ledges, and twenty sloops are all the time employed to carry it away.

Mr. Wm. B. Astor has purchased three lots adjoining the Astor Library, and intends erecting a building and stocking it with books, at a cost of about $100,000, as an addition to the Astor Library.

Estimates of the present population of Texas, based upon the number of votes polled at the last election, make the number of inhabitants over half a million. This is an astonishing increase.

A mine of Epsom salts is said to have been recently discovered in Santa Cruz county, Cal. If it should not prove remunerating to its proprietors, it will, nevertheless, be always good for *working people*.

It is now stated that the small Dominican army which defeated the emperor of Hayti, was armed with Minie rifles. Two thousand Haytiens were killed and wounded.

There is now living at Dyrham and Hinton, England, a widow named Anne Ball, in the 99th year of her age, who actually takes in washing, and does it herself.

In Russia, where the Greek Church is the State religion, Roman Catholics, Lutherans and Calvinists may hold the highest offices in the State. Nesselrode is a member of the Church of England.

A private of the English artillery was lately whipped to death for drunkenness. He received fifty lashes, being made fast to the limber wheel, and died the next day.

The Peruvian Legislature is about to sell all the guano in Chincha Islands. It is valued at $350,000,000.

The legislature of Mississippi have advanced the salary of their governor to $5000 a year.

There is now living in Tennessee a man, aged 98 years, who has recently cut eight new teeth.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John D. Anderson to Miss Catharine Reading.

By Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. Emil Helderreich to Miss Emily Hansman.

By Rev. Mr. Banister, Mr. Milo S. Dix to Miss Joanna Smith.

By Rev. Mr. Pettee, Mr. James N. Newell to Miss Susan A. Stanford.

By Rev. Mr. Cruft, Mr. Solomon S. Rowe to Miss Amelia Bullen.

At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Dawes, Mr. Benjamin F. Jacobs to Miss Evelyn F. Judkins, of Litchfield, Me.

At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Eben. T. Hayward to Miss Caroline Gale.

At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Ware, Mr. Wm. A. Dunn, of South Reading, to Miss Hannah S. Murdock.

At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. Charles H. Eastman to Miss Maria B. Nichols, of Boston.

At Stoneham, by Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, of Southbridge, Mr. Jesse Green, 2d, to Mrs. Ellen Green.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Sewall, Mr. George R. Breed to Miss Sarah A. Sanford.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Charles H. Berry to Miss Mary Ann Lungren.

At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. Elson Stone to Miss Ellen Shaw, of Salem.

At Scituate, by Rev. Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Abraham L. Stetson, of Chelsea, to Miss Rodericka F. Andrews.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Edward F. Bartlett to Miss Angeline C. Berry.

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Sumner W. Balcom to Miss Elizabeth S. Wait.

At Stonington, Conn., by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. Geo. S. Kinney, of Griswold, Conn., to Miss Ellen C. Recleston, of Westerly, R. I.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. James Henry, 66; Mr. George C. Philbrook, 61; Mr. David Farrar, 90; Mr. William Duff, 59; Miss Sarah Farrington, 78; Miss Mary S. Fleckman, 20; Mrs. Maria Lord, 53; Mrs. Margaret, widow of Mr. Soddard Cagery, Mrs. H. Amnesia, wife of Dr. W. W. Grimes, 32; Hon. Daniel Safford, 66.

At South Boston, Cyrus Alger, Esq., 74; Mr. William A. Clapp, 46.

At Dorchester, Mr. Josiah Pierce, 67.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Keziah, wife of Alex Garston, Esq., 76.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Ellen Caverly Cannery, 47; Mrs. Cornelia P. Hall, 54.

At West Cambridge, Miss Eleanor B. Pierce, 18; Mr. Henry Hart, 72.

At Watertown, Mr. John H. Heath, 44.

At Newton, Mr. Matthias Collins, 86.

At Lynn, Mr. David Ray, 72; Mr. William H. Stanchfield, 42; Mrs. Martha Alley, 36; Mrs. Nancy Fitch, 36.

At Salem, Mr. John B. Mitchell, 27; Widow Lucy Ann Dodge, 41.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Ellen F. Procter, 23.

At Lowell, Mr. Sidney S. Olcott, 50.

At Plymouth, Mr. Perez Poole, 75.

At Winchester, Widow Dorothy Reese, 77.

At Millbury, Capt. Amasa Wood, 72; Mr. C. P. Wetmore, 32.

At Worcester, Mr. Israel Whitney, 75; Mr. Cyrus C. Munger, 44; Miss M. Martin Fullerton, 18.

At Springfield, Nicholas Bayliss, Esq., of Boston, 38.

At Nantucket, Widow Mary Laughton, 64; Mr. Reuben Whitehouse, 67.

At Pittsfield, Mrs. Sarah A., wife of Mr. F. A. Hand, 26.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FOREVER AND FOREVER.

BY E. B. WHITTAKER.

Sweet Nea held her hand in mine,
Beside us rolled the river;
"Will love me, Nea?" and she said,
"Forever and forever!"

And when the roses blushed again,
I stood beside that river,
But Nea, darling, she was gone
Forever and forever!

She went with blossoms in the spring,
And shall I see her never?
Ah, yes! for those you love, love on
Forever and forever.

"There is another better world,"
Where pain and death are never;
There she and I shall live and love
Forever and forever.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SURGEON.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The night was cold and dark, like all November nights beneath the sky of Brittany. Brest had long been sleeping, and no sound was heard in its port save the creaking of the immense cables which held its ships, the moaning of the sea-breeze through the deserted warehouses, and the measured tread of the sentinels. Afar, on the left bank, only the prison appeared illuminated amid the dark masses which surrounded it. One of its rooms shone with a dimmer light, which was almost lost in the obscurity; this was the infirmary of the convicts. At the window of this infirmary, a young man, wearing the uniform of a surgeon in the navy, was resting his head against the iron bars, and plunged in sorrowful meditation. After having remained for a long time in the same position, he again cast his eyes on a paper covered with erasures, which he was holding in his hand, as if he sought to rouse himself from his reverie, and began to read in a low tone:

"Of what use is life without happiness, and how can happiness exist without wealth? Yes, wealth! This is then the object; and, as for the methods of acquiring it, none are bad but those which fail. Become rich first! everything else follows! Commit an act of meanness and become rich, is the weakness of a day, which the remainder of one's life will obliterate; to commit a crime and become rich, the crime may be denied when it cannot be proved; as for remorse, if it exists, is it more tormenting than necessity? Which of the two occasions the most poignant suffering, ungratified desires or repentance? At all events, I am not certain of the grief which arises from an unquiet conscience, and I am certain of that produced by poverty. Reason therefore ordains that I should do anything to escape indigence!

"The poor does not live; to live, is to have possession of one's own be ng; and the poor has none. In fact, what is he free to do, except to die of hunger? I am twenty-seven years of age; I love pleasure, the country, the society of woman, and I am passing my life in attending the dying. I live between decks and in the halls of a hospital, hearing only complaints and blasphemies! Why such an existence? What have I done to deserve it? And yet I must endure it! Even would I change it by what these men call a crime, where should I find the opportunity? Advantageous crimes are rare; a special favor of Heaven is necessary for their commission. The probity of three-fourths of mankind proceeds only from the difficulty of becoming rogues."

On arriving at this sentence, the young man paused, as if to weigh its meaning. He struck the paper with a gesture of affirmation; then, resting his head on one of his hands, he fell once more into serious meditation.

For him who could then have read his thoughts, it would have been a singular spectacle to have beheld the vexation of this chagrined spirit, indignant at the powerlessness of the poor to do evil profitably, and calling God to an account for the difficulties into which he has surrounded crime. Meanwhile, on looking at it closely, it is easy to see in this singular direction of ideas, more perversion than corruption. Immorality proceeds not so much from viciousness, as from a thirst for money, and from ambition—common maladies in young people at feverish and excitable periods.

Edward Launay was, in fact, one of those men who are unwilling to accept a place in the world, but wish to choose it, and who pass in coveting fortune the time which should be employed in attaining it. Born in mediocrity, he must resign himself to be poor, or labor in order not to be so; he would adopt neither of these lots, and vented his indignation against those social inequalities which he desired to profit by. Thus everything appeared to him through a false medium, and his mind became bewildered amid a host of gnawing sophistries. The soul of Launay was like a ship which is awaiting the wind before unfurling its sails, equally ready to take its course in a direct line, or by a tortuous tacking. Perilous situation, to which most men arrive with whom the dominion of mind over matter is not well established, and who, always subject to the sensual incitements, constantly need to save themselves from a revolt against duty.

Launay had already been for a long time absorbed in the reflections, the subject of which we have indicated above, when an attendant came to rouse him from them by announcing that "Number Seven" was dead. The young surgeon left the window carelessly and with regret. He directed his steps through the two rows of beds, towards the number which had been designated; for in a hospital a sick man has no name; the only thing which is permanent is the bed; the man who is on it is but a transient accessory, which changes.

On arriving at Number Seven, Launay removed the covering which, according to the custom, had been thrown over the head of the corpse, and looked at it with curiosity. All his pre-occupations had evidently yielded to a sort of scientific interest; the instinct of the physician had awoke in him at sight of this body. He passed his hand lightly over the protuberances of the skull, studied a moment the muscles of the face; then, as if he had suddenly resolved to verify certain observations, or clear up doubts, he ordered the corpse to be carried to the dissecting room.

In fact, death had just offered a subject worthy of the study of the disciple of Gall or of Lavater. Convicted of frequent thefts, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, Pierre Cranou had spent twenty years in prison, occupied only with the idea of escape. His attempts at evasion, sometimes successful, amounted to sixty, and sixty times had brought him under the staff of the keeper. These severe corrections had rendered him infirm and an invalid, without having led him to renounce his projects. It was said that his desires for liberty increased with the impossibility of satisfying them; the idea of escape became with Cranou a sort of incorrigible monomania. It was necessary to have recourse to extraordinary means. The convict was chained to his bench, loaded with thirty pounds of iron, and no longer allowed to go out. This last measure finally deprived him of all hope. He appeared to relinquish the idea of escape, and fell seriously ill. He had been in the infirmary about a week at the time our story commences.

The guard returned with the litter, and the corpse was transferred to the dissecting hall. This place, which was rarely used, was even more hideous than such places in general. Here and there were scattered limbs, half gnawed by the rats; fragments of petrified flesh hung from the marble table, and the foot slipped on a floor inundated with greenish blood. At the extremity, an imperfect skeleton, suspended near an open window, was swinging in the evening breeze, and making a hideous clatter.

Accustomed as Launay was to the sight of similar objects, the unusual hour, the cold humidity of the dissecting room, and that fantastic uncertainty which night casts over everything, caused him a sort of uneasiness. He hastened to prepare his instruments, approached the table, and uncovered the body of the convict. It was entirely naked. The meagre and bent form would have seemed to belong to old age, had not here and there some strong muscles, some well-preserved flesh, indicated the remains of vigorous manhood; but these traces were few and rare. The limbs, scarred by the whip of the keeper, were in general so cut and bruised that they seemed to be composed of a thousand fragments roughly joined to each other. The iron shackle still imprisoned the left leg, and had imprinted upon it a deep mark.

After having looked for an instant at the remains of a man who had suffered so much during his life to break a chain, the end of which still hung from his body, Launay approached the lamp and armed himself with his dissecting knife. But at the moment of seizing the arm of the corpse, he thought he felt a resistance. Surprised and almost affrighted, he bent over the body, and raised the head to the lamp. The eyelids slightly trembled; he approached nearer the eyes suddenly opened!

Launay started back, seized with terror; then the corpse slowly rose, sat up, and looked anxiously around. The young surgeon remained immovable, not knowing what to think, when he saw Pierre Cranou slide slowly to the floor, and direct himself towards the window. This movement was a ray of light. More than once had convicts sought, by simulating death, opportunities of escape; he comprehended that he had been taken for a dupe, and, recovered from his first alarm, sprang after Cranou, whom he seized by the middle of the body, at the moment he was about to leap from the window. The convict attempted to disengage himself, but Launay would not let go, and a violent struggle commenced between them. It terminated by the fall of Pierre, who, naked and enfeebled, could not longer resist.

"You see that you are not the strongest," said the surgeon; "you shall not escape."

Cranou made still some ineffectual efforts; but finding they were useless, he renounced his resistance.

"Let me escape, in God's name! Monsieur Launay," said he, in a supplicating tone. "What imports my flight to you? You are not set to guard me."

"I am during your sickness. What would be said of a physician who should suffer his patients to escape?"

"They will not know it; and besides, they can do nothing to you. O, I conjure you, Monsieur Launay, my dear Monsieur Launay, let me fly—let me go! Though I should only pass the threshold, I should have been free for one moment; I should have taken one step out of the prison; I should have breathed the air of liberty—for since my last escape, you know well, dear Monsieur Launay, I have not been suffered to go out! I entreat you!"

"It is impossible."

The convict made a new effort to disengage himself; but the surgeon held him fast.

"You shall not stir without my permission," said he. "It shall not be said that you trifled with me."

"I will be free! I must be free!" cried Cranou. "O, my God! to have suffered so long uselessly! I, who have not attempted an escape for two months! I have perhaps lost an opportunity! I, who have been for three days without food that I might become sick and be sent to the infirmary! I had so well succeeded in appearing to be dead! You have been all deceived! And this for nothing, for nothing! To touch the end, and fail! O, it is too much, it is too much!"

Cranou struck his head with rage against the floor of the room. Launay was moved by his despair.

"And why do you so earnestly desire your liberty?"

"Why? Ah, you have never been a prisoner! Why do I wish to be free? Because I do not wish to live here. I wish to return to my own country before I die; to warm myself in the sun of Marseilles. Think of it, it is twenty years since I have seen an olive tree!"

"But you are not strong enough to resume your ancient occupation; you would die of hunger if you were set at liberty."

Cranou smiled with scornful vanity.

"I am richer than you all."

"You, rich?"

"I."

"You are very fortunate."

Though this word was pronounced ironically, the accent of the surgeon had doubtless something which he couldn't comprehend.

"Listen," said he, in a lower tone; "would you be rich, also? I have enough for two."

"Do you take me for a simpleton, Cranou?"

"I tell you that I have the means of making your fortune."

"Some theft to commit with you; is it not?"

"No; but money to receive. Aid me to fly, and I will share it with you."

"Keep your stories for some one else," said Launay, ashamed to lend his ear, in spite of himself, to the falsehoods of a convict; "return to the hall, and let this end."

As he spoke thus, the young surgeon rose, without letting go the hands of Cranou.

"You will not believe me," repeated the latter, despairingly. "On my head, Monsieur Launay, I have told you the truth! What must I then do to persuade you of it?"

"Show me your treasure."

"I have it not here. You well know that I cannot have it; but suffer me to escape, and I swear before God to share it with you."

"I will regard it as received. Come, you must go back to your chains!"

Cranou uttered a groan. For an instant he seemed a prey to a poignant uncertainty. At last, suddenly rising, he exclaimed, in a tone so genuine that the surgeon was struck by it:

"Hear me; will you promise to allow me to escape, if I prove to you that I am not lying?"

"We will see."

"Will you promise me?"

"I do not risk much, I suppose."

"Swear then."

"So be it; I swear it."

"Well, on the beach of St. Michael, on the northern side of the rock of the Inglas, at the bottom of a hole six feet deep, I concealed, ten years since, a casket which contained four hundred thousand francs in bank bills."

"And where did you obtain this casket?"

"In the way of business—you understand! Four hundred thousand francs! Well, if you wish, half of the sum is yours."

Launay shook his head.

"There is but one difficulty in your story—that ten years ago you were already in prison."

"Ten years ago I was flying with Martin. We struck the blow together on the beach, and concealed the casket for fear of being pursued. The next day the gendarmerie arrested us at Plestire. Since then, Martin died in prison, and I alone know the place of deposit."

In spite of the efforts of Launay to affect indifference, it was evident that he listened to the convict with eager attention. When the latter had ceased to speak, he remained some time thoughtful, as if discussing to himself the probability of what had just been related; but suddenly rousing himself from his pre-occupation, he blushed as he met the eyes of Cranou fixed upon him, and said in a tone which he attempted to render light:

"Your romance is ingenious; but it is old. We do not now believe in hidden treasures, even in comic operas. Try some other story."

The convict started.

"You do not believe me," said he.

"I believe you to be an adroit rogue, who loves to exercise his imagination at the expense of the simple."

"Monsieur Launay, Monsieur Launay, I implore you to believe me! The casket is in a hole of the Inglas; I am sure of finding it if I could search for it there."

"I will excuse you."

"Monsieur Launay, you shall have two-thirds—I will give you two-thirds."

"Enough!"

"And all the jewels; for there are jewels, also."

"Enough, I tell you; not a single word more. Rise!"

Cranou uttered a cry of rage, and fell back upon the floor.

"I will not rise; let them carry me hence; I will not take one step! O, he will not believe it! Monsieur Launay, it is true—but he will not believe it. And the casket is not here; it is impossible to prove that I am not lying! Only ten leagues between myself and it, between the prison and wealth! Monsieur Launay, Monsieur Launay, you will repent! O, he will not believe it!"

The convict rolled on the floor, mad with anger. As for Launay, he appeared to be in great perplexity. The narrative of Cranou had disturbed the host of evil thoughts which had awoke in him. On the one hand he was inclined to believe the words of the convict, and to accept his proposition; while, on the other, the fear of being duped, and the disgrace of such a connivance restrained him. This last reason prevailed; but, in order to put an end to the temptation immediately, he approached Cranou, and taking hold beneath his arms, attempted to raise him, in order to carry him into the hall. Finding his efforts useless, he decided to go for assistance. He therefore went out, after having locked the door, and hastened to the guard-room, where he ordered his attendants to follow him.

As they approached the dissecting room, the sound of a gun was heard behind them, and almost at the same instant, a man, naked and bloody, appeared at the extremity of the court. It was Cranou, who, left alone, had succeeded in escaping through the window, and upon whom the sentinel had fired. Launay reached him in time to receive him in his arms; but the ball had passed through his breast—he was dead! * * * *

Badenviller is a little town, situated in a mountainous glen, at the foot of the Black Forest, whose site seems to have been designedly disposed for the poet who would write a description of a terrestrial paradise. Framed by mountains and forests, the valley extends below the city, embroidered with flowers, which the thermal waters make to blossom there, and like a piece of painted velvet unfolded to the sun. Its limited extent adds to its beauty, the eye embracing all its charms, and the ear hearing at once all its murmurs. In other respects, nothing is wanting to this corner of ground, concealed in the depths of these wild gorges, neither grandeur, grace, nor freshness. One would say that God had taken pleasure in concentrating in this narrow space, what he has elsewhere dissemi-nated. All nature is there like the perfume of all the roses in the fragile scent-bag of the sultana.

Badenviller, as its name indicates, is a watering place. The Romans had even some *thermae* there formerly, the curious remains of which are still shown to travellers. In our days, it is the resort of idlers of the second class, who, through economy or timidity, would shun the fashionable reunions of Baden. There are found a few Swiss smoking beside their wives, who are knitting; silent Bavarians, and a great number of Alsatians, recognizable by the accent with which they speak French before Germans, and German before the French.

At the moment we resume our story, the bathers lodging at the city of Carlsruhe, in one of the best hotels in Badenviller, were assembled beneath a little avenue of acacias planted near the inn, and Madame Perscof had just joined them with her daughter. Madame Perscof, a bourgeoise of Mulhouse, where she had burgomaster relatives, as she liked to repeat, was one of those honest mothers of families, whose every word, act and thought seemed to have but one object, and on whose brow can be read, *daughters to marry*. Still young at the death of her husband, she had the art to make of her widowhood a sort of social position; and her misfortunes, as well as her virtues, had become public property. When her daughters grew up, she skilfully availed herself of the general patronage accorded her to establish the three first advantageously; but when it came the turn of the fourth, she experienced difficulties which she had not expected. Her house had become for young men a den of lions; they had seen three of their companions enter who had not escaped—so they avoided it with terror. Madame Perscof in vain frequented balls and tea-parties, talking of her grandfather, the burgomaster; no candidate presented himself. Finally, perceiving the impossibility of disposing of Clemence at Mulhouse, she decided to go elsewhere, and took her to Badenviller; she had been there for six weeks.

After having saluted by name all the bathers, and asked of each news of their rheumatisms, or their relatives, Madame Perscof made her daughter sit down, and the conversation, suspended for an instant during her arrival, resumed its course.

"I think, in fact," said a fat lady, who almost filled three years, "that there is something singular in the conduct of this Miss Morpeth; to come here alone, with no female companion! What does that look like?"

"It is not so extraordinary as you imagine," replied another lady, who professed a familiarity with England, because her husband subscribed for the British Review, "we must reflect that Miss Morpeth is English; and the English always travel alone, or with their lovers; such are their customs."

"What immorality!" said Madame Perscof.

"In fact, who is this Mr. Burns, who accompanies the beautiful English girl everywhere? She pretends that he is a friend of her family; but a friend does not pay all these little attentions; he has rather the appearance of a lover."

"Yet he is quite old."

"How scandalous!" exclaimed Madame Perscof. "I am only a poor widow; but if I had a daughter like this Miss Morpeth—"

"After all," interrupted the lady who read the British Review, "you perhaps judge her too severely. England is a free country; they have the *habeas corpus* and the *hustings*, all that influences customs; we must allow for this."

"This Englishwoman is certainly a coquette. Has she not succeeded in turning the head of M. Launay, a man who might have made some respectable young lady happy?"

"Silence!" said the fat lady; "here he is."

Edward Launay had in fact appeared at the end of the avenue of acacias. He approached slowly, saluted the bathers, and seated himself, without speaking, on an isolated bench. Madame Perscof, after having coughed, turned towards the young man, and having pointed to a place between herself and daughter, decided upon a direct invitation; but Launay politely refused to approach. The old lady was piqued by it.

"Indeed," said she, "your presence alone among us is, at this moment, a favor; it is, if I am not mistaken, the hour of your usual promenade with Miss Morpeth. What has disarranged your habits to-day?"

"Miss Morpeth told me last evening that she should not go out this morning."

"She has changed her mind, then," said the fat lady; "for there she is returning from Blaore with her inseparable companion, Mr. Burns."

Launay hastily rose. In fact, the young Englishwoman had just arrived at the door of the hotel, mounted on one of those asses with wooden saddles, which are used on excursions in the Black Forest. On perceiving Edward, she blushed excessively, sprang to the ground, and entered the inn without waiting for her companion.

Mr. Burns, astonished, looked around him, as if to find some explanation of this proceeding; but at sight of the young Frenchman, who stood at a few paces' distance, pale and immovable, he seemed to comprehend all, and shaking his head with a dissatisfied air, he was about to ascend in his turn the steps of the hotel, when Launay seized him by the arm.

"Sir," said he, with agitation, "I desire to have an explanation with you."

The face of the Englishman lighted up, as if he had expected and desired this request.

"I am at your service, sir."

Both took the road to the park. After a hundred steps, Launay turned and saw that they were alone.

"Sir," said he, stopping short, "you doubtless know what motive brings me here?"

"I think I know it."

"You cannot be ignorant of my love for Miss Morpeth, nor the hope which I have for a moment conceived that my attentions were agreeable to her. Without knowing the rights which you have to her confidence, I know that she regards you as her counsellor. It is therefore of you that I demand an account of her conduct. I have interrogated her and she was troubled; she has introduced your name into some reply which I could not comprehend; her tears arrested my questions. Acquaint me, if you please, why so great a change has manifested itself in her since your arrival here; why Miss Morpeth avoids me; and, finally, to cite one fact, why, after having informed me that she should not go out this morning, she changed her mind in your favor!"

"You ask me many things at once, sir," replied Mr. Burns, coldly. "As for the excursion which I have just taken with Miss Morpeth, I wished to speak to her alone, and she promised last evening to accompany me to Blaore."

"So she deceived me?"

"Say rather, sir, that she wished to soften her refusal. You complain of her reserve since my arrival; but, on reflection, you must feel that before determining on a choice influencing her future life, she should at least know what she has to fear or hope."

"I do not know whether I understand you, sir," replied Launay, blushing; "but if you wish to obtain details of myself and my position, I am ready to give them."

"I am listening."

"I am a Briton, and of an honorable family; my father died captain of a frigate at Brest. Left an orphan at the age of fifteen, I served as a surgeon in the royal marine, which I quitted only eighteen months since. As for my fortune—" here Launay's voice trembled—"it is easy to verify it; I possess four hundred thousand francs, and am ready to furnish proofs of this."

"All this information will have great interest for Miss Morpeth; but permit me to say, coming from you, it is not sufficient."

"Sir," exclaimed Launay, "this is an insult!"

"It is prudence."

"And by what title, after all, do you require these details? What are your rights over Miss Morpeth? Who are you, sir?"

"A friend who watches over her happiness; nothing more."

"May I not say, in my turn, coming from you, this reply does not suffice?"

"Sir," said the Englishman, haughtily, "it was you who came to me; I have neither asked you to give your confidence, nor to believe me. I have consented to interrogate you, but without compelling you to reply. Whenever this respective position does not suit you, our conversation is at an end."

At these words, Mr. Burns saluted Launay with cold politeness, and returned to the inn. At the moment of his entrance, Miss Fanny, who had followed from a distance his conversation with the young Frenchman, stretched out her head to divine the result on his features; but this examination was doubtless unfavorable, for she clasped her hands, and cast down her head with a sigh. Mr. Burns cast upon her a glance full of mild compassion, and said in a low tone:

"Wait, my child; all may, perhaps, be yet arranged."

Launay, left alone, wished at first to run after the Englishman, to demand of him a reason for the last words addressed to him; but he was restrained by the fear of breaking thus with Miss Fanny forever. The language of this man could not, besides, be reasonably considered a provocation; it had been haughty rather than insulting, and he must therefore resign himself to it.

Since a sudden opulence, attributed in the world to an unexpected and remote inheritance, but the real source of which the reader has doubtless divined, had permitted Edward Launay to quit the navy, he had sought to divert himself by travelling, and had successively visited Italy, Switzerland and Germany. It was on his return from the latter excursion that chance had conducted him to Badenviller at the moment of Miss Morpeth's arrival. Struck with the pure and calm beauty of the young girl, he profited by the kind of freedom established among the bathers, to approach her. He was sufficiently familiar with English to enable him to converse with Miss Fanny in her own language, and this circumstance, which attracted them to each other, also isolated them from the rest. Things were in this state when the young man had with Mr. Burns the conversation which we have reported above.

When, in the evening, Launay found Miss Fanny in the saloon where the bathers were assembled, he contented himself with saluting her, and took his seat at the other extremity of the work-table, near Madame Perscof. He could not forgive Miss Morpeth her submission to the will of this Burns, whom he detested. What was, in fact, the cause of this dependence to which Fanny seemed resigned? It was too fearful to be founded on friendship only, too tender to be founded on fear.

Meanwhile Madame Perscof, as surprised as delighted to have Launay between herself and daughter, neglected nothing to be agreeable to the young man. She talked to him successively of her grandfather the burgomaster, of the beauties of Switzerland, and of paintings, without succeeding in giving animation to the conversation. In order to escape new attempts, he took his album and commenced sketching at random; but his mind and his eyes involuntarily turned towards the obscure corner where Miss Morpeth sat. At last, impatient at not seeing her make any attempt to approach, he threw aside his portfolio and began to pace the room.

Madame Perscof, hoping to bring him took the album and went into ecstasies ov Italian landscape, which she looked at u down; but perceiving that her exclama were useless, and that Launay continue promenade, she passed the portfolio to her bar, when it soon made the tour of the and reached Miss Morpeth. Though she had seen it, she began to turn over the l lost to look at the drawings than to have her eyes something of Edward's. She p mechanically at a sketch of some rocks. Burns, who was beside her, and was follo the sketches with his eyes, appeared surprise this view.

"Ah, the Inglas!" exclaimed he.

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He hastily turned and perceived at the e extremity of the saloon Miss Fanny and Burns. The young girl was seated, holdin her hands a letter which she seemed to be ing with profound emotion. The sight of emotion produced in Edward an indescrib effect. Forgetting what had passed, he ha approached Miss Fanny, and pronounced name. Then reminded of the presence of Burns, he bowed, and said:

"Pardon me, Miss Morpeth, but seeing emotion, I could not control myself; I fe that some misfortune had happened to you."

"O no, sir!" replied she, "there is not sad in this letter; I was weeping for joy." looking at Mr. Burns, as if to read in his the approval of what she said: "It is a letter; is it not, my friend?"

The Englishman bowed with a smile; then if feeling that his presence was a cruelty, he out. As soon as they were alone, Edward down beside Fanny, and taking her hand in said:

"Fanny, you know how much I love Will you suffer me to keep this hand always

The young girl blushed and trembled, said in a low voice:

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"Only to-day."

He approached nearer, and examined it a tively. "Of whom did you buy it?"

"I did not buy it," murmured the young not daring to raise her eyes.

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Several days rolled away without changing the position of the lovers. One evening, when Edward had returned from the mountains, fatigued and downcast, he entered the great hall, and went to look out at a window. Night was beginning to descend, and the glances of the young man were wandering over the summits of the Black Forest, which the setting sun was bathing with its last rays, when a well-known voice aroused him from his reverie.

He hastily turned and perceived at the other extremity of the saloon Miss Fanny and Mr. Burns. The young girl was seated, holding in her hands a letter which she seemed to be reading with profound emotion. The sight of this emotion produced in Edward an indescribable effect. Forgetting what had passed, he hastily approached Miss Fanny, and pronounced her name. Then reminded of the presence of Mr. Burns, he bowed, and said:

"Pardon me, Miss Morpeth, but seeing your emotion, I could not control myself; I feared that some misfortune had happened to you."

"O no, sir!" replied she, "there is nothing sad in this letter; I was weeping for joy." And looking at Mr. Burns, as if to read in his eye the approval of what she said: "It is a good letter; is it not, my friend?"

The Englishman bowed with a smile; then, as if feeling that his presence was a cruelty, he went out. As soon as they were alone, Edward sat down beside Fanny, and taking her hand in his, said:

"Fanny, you know how much I love you. Will you suffer me to keep this hand always?"

The young girl blushed and trembled, then said in a low voice:

"You know that I wish it."

"Then why delay our happiness? What obstacle separates us? Perhaps your family, rich and noble, doubtless, may despise this alliance."

"I have not said that, Edward. Do not compel me to tell you all. Ask me nothing."

"Well, be it so!" said the young man. "Let us love each other, and leave the rest to destiny. Be my guardian angel; shall it be thus?"

"But, Edward, will you promise to be calm and patient? Will you be friends with Mr. Burns?"

"I will try to be so."

"And I," exclaimed the young girl, in an enthusiasm of joy and hope, "will pray God that our plans may succeed."

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"Pray for me also, Fanny."

The letter which Edward had seen in the hand of Fanny was a reply to questions asked in reference to him. This reply, being wholly satisfactory, had produced the change in the treatment of Mr. Burns towards him. An hour afterwards, Launay took from a richly-adorned case, a nosgnidicent cameo, which Fanny received the same day, with a note containing these words: "This is a family jewel; it belonged to my mother; and it is she who presents it to her daughter."

As the young man had foreseen, these few lines removed all the scruples of the young girl, and when he descended that evening into the common saloon, where the bathers were assembled, he perceived Miss Morpeth too closely surrounded to allow of his approach; but seeking him with her eyes, the cameo fastened to her scarf, Edward thanked her with a look full of gratitude and love. At this moment Burns entered. After having saluted the company, he approached Miss Morpeth. As he stooped to speak to her, his eye encountered the cameo, and he stopped short.

"What's the matter?" asked Fanny, much astonished.

"I did not know you had this jewel," said he, glancing at the cameo.

Fanny became confused.

"How long has it been in your possession?"

"Only to-day."

He approached nearer, and examined it attentively. "Of whom did you buy it?"

"I did not buy it," murmured the young girl, not daring to raise her eyes.

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"We will talk of this another time; only let me see the cameo a moment."

Fanny trembled as she unfastened it and handed it to him. Mr. Burns looked at it a long time with singular attention; he turned it in every direction, examined its slightest details with an air of uncertainty. But suddenly a remembrance seemed to illuminate him; he placed his finger on an imperceptible asperity, and the cameo opened. He could not suppress an exclamation. Fanny followed all his movements with a sort of terror. He hastily turned towards her.

"Where did Monsieur Launay get this?"

"It was bequeathed him by his mother."

The brow of the Englishman became clouded. He went away with the pin in his hand, and began to pace the saloon. His eyes rested alternately on the cameo and on Launay, who, placed at a little distance, had noticed nothing. At last he seemed to take a sudden resolution, and approached the circle of bathers.

At this moment a Frenchman was speaking of the expedition to the Euphrates, and the dangers incurred by the explorers amid savage nations.

"The dangers by which one is exposed in Europe are little less great," Mr. Burns observed, "and there are few travellers who have not risked their lives more than once. I, who speak to you, was attacked by assassins not quite twelve years since."

The ladies uttered an exclamation of terror and curiosity.

"You! you! How so?"

Seats were drawn more closely together, and the circle closed around Mr. Burns.

"It is a very simple event," resumed he; "though it had for me severe consequences. After having disembarked at Brest, I was travelling through Brittany in a post-chaise, alone, and the bearer of four hundred thousand francs, in bank notes. We were to cross an immense beach, called St. Michael's beach."

Launay, who had remained apart and a stranger to the movement around Mr. Burns, started at the name pronounced by the latter. He raised his head and listened. The Englishman, who had observed all, continued:

"When we arrived at this passage, the night was already advanced, and the darkness was profound. The post-chaise began to roll over the wet sand, and we could not hear the sound of the wheels or of the horses. There was something singular in this situation; I seemed to be carried as if by enchantment through the darkness. On my right, and on an immense ridge, I saw white and moving forms alternately appearing and disappearing. A confused murmur, like the noise of a multitude, came from that direction—it was the sound of the falling tide. I had travelled in this manner for about ten minutes, when the carriage passed a large rock, crouching in the midst of this sandy plain like an Egyptian sphynx in the desert. 'The Inglas!' exclaimed my postilion, pointing with his whip to this enormous rock. This name was destined to remain in my memory. Scarcely had we passed the rock, when the post-chaise suddenly stopped. I heard a cry and the sound of a man's fall; I sprang to the door, but had time to see nothing. I fell instantly back in the carriage, bathed in my own blood."

A long murmur of horror interrupted Mr. Burns. He turned his eye towards Launay; the latter had not moved, but his paleness was frightful. He resumed:

"When I returned to myself, several days afterwards, I learned that some fishermen had discovered me on the beach, where they had also found my carriage pillaged, and the postilion dead. It was three months before I wholly recovered from my wounds."

"And could no traces be discovered of the assassins?"

"The researches which were made at that time brought no result. I had, nevertheless, some hope; for among the stolen articles was a casket which contained several jewels easy to be recognized; among others, a cameo similar to this," pointing to the pin.

The company were bending forward to examine the pin, when Fanny uttered a scream. All eyes turned toward the spot indicated by her glance—Edward Launay was leaning against the wall, almost fainting. "What is the matter?" was the exclamation on all sides.

Mr. Burns arose. "I can inform you."

"Father!" exclaimed Fanny, springing towards him with a supplicating air.

The Englishman stopped, and received her in his arms, almost in a swoon. But at this cry all the spectators had turned in astonishment. Launay himself heard it, and rising like a spectre, put away those who surrounded him, and perceiving Mr. Burns supporting the young girl, repeated like one bewildered, "Her father! my God! her father!" Then looking for an instant around him with a wild glance, he darted towards the door, and disappeared.

The cares which Mr. Burns was compelled to bestow on Miss Morpeth, who was seized with spasms, prevented him from dwelling upon other thoughts. His daughter (for we must henceforth called her by that name) at last fell asleep. He had left her for a moment, and was pensively walking the room adjoining hers, when the door opened gently, and Edward Launay appeared on the threshold. Mr. Burns recoiled with surprise, and almost with terror. The young man stopped; there was so much humility in his attitude that the Englishman was re-assured by it.

"You did not expect me then, sir?" said Edward, in a low tone.

"True, assassins have usually more prudence."

"I should perhaps have more if I were an assassin; but I came to undeceive you, sir. It is easy to prove that I could not have committed this crime. I was, at the time of its commission, on the Southern Ocean. This document will prove it."

The Englishman cast his eyes on the paper that Launay presented him.

"But you must have had cognizance of the crime, since the cameo, given by you to Miss Morpeth, was one of the jewels lost."

"I accepted the inheritance—this was my fault. Listen to me, sir, and I will tell you my story."

Mr. Burns made a sign that he would listen. Then Launay related to him all that had passed. The revelation of Pierre Cranou, his death, the researches which he had made according to his directions near the Inglas; finally their success. When he had finished this long confession, in which he neglected no detail, he presented him with a pocket-book and a jewel-case.

"Your four hundred thousand francs have been placed at interest," continued he. "You will find them here. The jewel-case contains the remainder of the stolen property."

He bowed, and was about to withdraw, when Fanny suddenly appeared. She was clad in white, her hair was dishevelled, and her eyes sparkled with a feverish gleam. On seeing her, Launay could not suppress a cry; the two lovers stood opposite each other, motionless and trembling. The father hastened to his daughter.

"What seek you here, Fanny?" exclaimed he. "Return to your own room."

"I have heard all," murmured she, amid sobs. "You despise me then?" said Launay.

By way of reply, she threw herself into his arms. The father sought to tear her from Edward's embrace; but she resisted.

"Leave me, father," said she; "I have promised to be his."

"Fanny, you are delirious!"

"I have promised to be his; I will not leave him."

"Sir!" said the Englishman, trembling with anger, "upon your head, release this young girl!"

"Hear me, father," suddenly said Fanny, rising. "Suffer me to follow him. I shall bring no disgrace upon your illustrious name; for the stain which covers my birth has never allowed me to wear it. I shall leave no void in your life; for I have been to you only a cause of remorse, and of embarrassment. I will free you from these. Adieu, my father; I am no longer the daughter of a prince, but the wife of Edward!"

As she spoke Fanny surrounded Edward with her arms, and laid her head on his shoulder.

Mr. Burns could not longer endure this spectacle. "I cannot witness the misery of my daughter," said he. "Take her, Launay, and let your future life atone for the error of your youth."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CHAMPION:
OR,
JUS VINCIT.

BY R. G. GORDON.

During the long and tedious wars and the many fierce battles between the Christians and Moors in Andalusia and Grenada, few soldiers were more distinguished than Don Garcia de la Viejao. In every contest where strength and courage were needed, there did his arm wield his knightly weapons with irresistible power, and there did his voice rise above the din of combat, as he thundered forth the war cry of his country, "*Si Iago y cierra Espana.*"

But age and toil subdued the proud warrior, who had never yielded to the Moor, and loaded with honors by his monarch, and with praises from his fellow-soldiers, he retired to his old battlemented home. Here he busied himself in the education and care of his two lovely daughters, Blanche and Isabelle, the pride and boast of all Castile. Many Spaniards of acknowledged bravery and high position had sought their alliance, but all such offers had been invariably declined. The Don was well known, and as his castle was situated on the road from the northern part of Spain to the contested provinces, he was often visited by parties of gallant soldiers, on their way to the seat of war. His castle gates were always opened wide, and the tired and weary knights blest the moment that they first caught sight of his towers.

It was one beautiful day, when after a short peace, war had broken out anew, that Blanche and Isabelle de la Viejao were standing upon the battlements, looking out with delight upon the entrancing scene before them. The dark green foliage of the towering oaks finely contrasted with the lighter shade of the olive and the pure white blossoms of the orange tree, diffusing Saboan odors far and wide; the gorgeously beautiful flowers lifting up their heads to heaven from the verdure of the plain, the many tinted clouds sailing aloft in a sea of the purest azure, and the bright rays of the morning sun, formed a scene of indescribable beauty, and upon which the sisters gazed with entrancing delight.

But suddenly, far off in the distance, a trumpet sounded faintly, a distant glistening of steel became visible; tiny pennons fluttered from spears, which the distance made to appear of fairy dimensions, and the cavalcade, winding its way across the plain, seemed but small and few in number. But now the warders upon the towers sounded an answering note, and echo caught up the sound as it vibrated again and again. The party drew nearer and nearer, and at length approached the castle gate. The sentinel challenged, the drawbridge fell, the portcullis was raised, and with ringing of steel and tramping of hoofs, they entered the castle.

Here Don Garcia was ready to receive his guests, and soon learned that the party consisted of the young Don Raymondo de Covilha and some two or three hundred of his vassals, who were on their way to join the army of the faith. That he was a Christian and a knight was enough, in Don Garcia's opinion, to entitle him to every service in his power, and accordingly, giving orders to his retainers to see that as far as possible the soldiers wanted for nothing, he led his guest into the banqueting hall. Here he made him acquainted with his two daughters, and Covilha thought he had never beheld such perfect specimens of female loveliness.

Young in years, and impetuous in disposition, Raymondo vowed that Isabelle should be the "ladye of his hearte," and, be he Moor or Christian, that one who disputed her supreme beauty, should bide one blow, dealt with all the force love can bestow. The maidens soon retired from the banqueting hall, and swiftly the wine cup sped from hand to hand with its ruddy contents, and as his heart warmed with the generous fluid, the old knight told of fierce combats and heady fights, of the tournament, the battle, and all the topics of knighaly converse. The brave deeds of the Old were extolled, and the bard sang ballads in his praise. Thus with mirth and feat and song, the day passed away, and early the next morning the young soldier bade adieu to his kind entertainer, with many thanks for his hospitality, and leaping in his saddle, the trumpets sounded and the troops were speedily out of sight.

All that day in the castle the young knight was the subject of conversation, from the very lackeys, who praised his gallant bearing and his perfect horsemanship, up to Don Garcia himself, who could talk of nothing but his good looks, his courage and zeal, and he predicted that he would make the foul, misbelieving Saracens know how a good knight could strike. Nor was the gentle Isabelle herself indifferent. His manly beauty, his knightly mien and chivalric courtesy, were not lost upon her, and in her little heart there was a timid fluttering when his name was mentioned, which *she* would have told you was not love.

But days came and went, and ever and anon some chance traveller or solitary soldier would bring tidings of the war, and however they differed on other points, they all agreed on one, and that was, that the Christians were fighting stoutly, and among the bravest of their number was the young knight Covilha.

As they heard the story of how he challenged the bravest of the Moors to single combat, every breath was hushed in eager expectation, and when they reported that, though desperately wounded, he had proved victorious in a long and obstinate combat, the rafters shook with their pealing shouts of approval, and the old knight, as from long habit he clasped the hilt of his sword, said, exultingly, "I knew it! I knew it!"

But at last the Moors sued for peace, and King Pedro returned, with all his brave knights, to the capital, and there, with mirth and pleasure, they forgot the toils of war.

It was during these festivities that Don Garcia and his daughters were invited to the court, and accordingly the old knight determined to pay his respects to his sovereign and to see his young friend Covilha, now high in rank and in the favor of his prince. Truly it was a gallant show. Renowned soldiers fresh from the contest; turbaned emirs held for ransom; fair ladies and distinguished guests, presented a brilliant and noble spectacle. Here, also, was a German prince, a renowned soldier, and heir to extensive territories. He was tall and fine looking, and the Spanish beauties were nothing loth to be styled princess. But a splendid entertainment, given by the king to his nobles, he met Blanche de la Viejao and in course of time made her his wife. The festivities on the occasion only served to increase the rejoicings of the court and the unexampled magnificence displayed, excited universal admiration.

Thus with peace and joy the time passed pleasantly along, till the Moors having gained fresh strength again took the field. Pedro and his army advanced to meet them; Blanche departed with her husband to his estates, and Isabelle and Don Garcia returned to the castle. Here the days glided easily away, until dark reports of the prince were spread abroad in the castle. Men said he was jealous, terribly jealous, and that the princess led a miserable life, on account of his dark suspicion. His frame shook with anger, and his voice trembled with emotion, as Don Garcia declared his intention of going to his daughter; and preparing a stout band of his retainers, he set out with Isabelle. When he arrived here, he found that it was even worse than he had expected; for the prince maddened with rage, had vowed that, if in three days she did not prove her innocence, or if a champion did not appear to do battle in her behalf, within the specified time, her life should atone for his dishonor.

Distracted by despair Don Garcia essayed again and again to save her life, but age had destroyed his vigor, and the prince would not listen to his entreaties; his little band of spearmen were powerless in the midst of the sovereign's soldiers, and at first frantic with a knowledge of his own powerlessness, he at last sunk into a moody, morose apathy.

At length the third day arrived. The lists had been prepared, and at one end sat the prince, his countenance pale and anxious; at the other was the unfortunate princess, accompanied by her broken-hearted father and sister. Immediately in front of the princess's seat were stationed the accuser, a knight of extraordinary strength and courage, and who had never been worsted in tournament or battle, sheathed in a complete suit of glittering armor inlaid with burnished gold. His visor was open, and disclosed the features of a man, who, though extremely handsome, bore the marks of evil passions upon his brow.

The space in front of the unhappy Blanche, which had been set aside for her champion, was vacant, and about midway of the lists was an aperture closed by a curtain of a blood red hue. What it concealed or portended, no one knew. Hour followed hour, until at length the prince impatiently demanded if no champion had appeared; and on being answered in the negative, he made a signal, and lo! the red curtain arose and disclosed a grim, swarthy figure, clad in scarlet, and leaning on a huge two-handed sword; a block was close by, and the unhappy wife needed not to be told that the deathsman stood before her.

The deep indignation with which the people received this sight, prevented their perceiving the entrance of a knight into the lists, where he took his stand among a number of soldiers at the farther end. It was not until the heralds had demanded whether there was any champion to do battle in behalf of the Princess Blanche, that the strange knight came forward, flinging his gauntlet in the arena, replied in a deep voice:

"I come to do battle on behalf of the Princess Blanche, foully and slanderously accused, and to prove her innocence, by doing battle to the uttermost, with the one who shall dare to assert her guilty."

A cry of joy burst forth from the people, and the accuser riding forward took up the gauntlet, and said:

"I accept the gage of battle."

The knights then took their respective positions, and having closed their visors and laid their lances in rest, they stood perfectly motionless, awaiting the signal. The people in the meanwhile gazed eagerly upon the champion, endeavoring to discover who he might be. He was mounted upon a milk white war-horse, his armor was painted white, his plume was of the same color, and there appeared to be nothing by which he could be known. His shield was of the purest white, and bore upon it in blood red letters the simple device, "*Jus vincit.*"

At length the trumpets sounded a point of war, the heralds gave the word, and the combatants met with a shock that made the boldest tremble. The spears were shivered up to the very gauntlets, and the steeds thrown back on their haunches. Having recovered them by the use of the spur, the knights encountered with battle-axes, and dealt the most furious blows. The accuser seemed to have the advantage in this species of combat, and rising in his stirrups he dealt such a blow upon the helm of the champion as hurled him from his horse. Leaping up in an instant he drew his sword, and, stung to madness by his discomfiture, fell fiercely upon his opponent, and while aiming a dreadful blow, his horse sheered to one side and received the stroke intended for his master. Furious with pain, he became unmanageable, and compelled his rider to dismount and continue the contest on foot.

The knights then attacked with fresh fury until their armor was hacked out of all shape; great gaping wounds were made at every stroke, and enfeebled with loss of blood they could hardly raise their weapons. At the sight of her champion failing, the princess uttered such a piercing shriek that involuntarily the opponents separated; but on learning the cause of the interruption, the white knight, mad with passion, rushed on his opponent, shouting, "*Jus vincit! Jus vincit!*"—and his fury supplying his want of real strength, he beat down all opposition, struck his opponent repeatedly on the helmet, till its fastenings burst, and then hurled him to the ground defenceless and at his mercy.

"Confess," he shouted, in a voice of thunder. "Confess, or thou diest!"

"Never!" cried the prostrate knight. "Never! while I live."

The champion drew back his sword, the gory steel waved in the air, but the fear of immediate death conquered the stubborn resolution of his foe, and at the cry, "*Misereordia,*" his sword fell harmless at his feet.

"She is innocent! I am the guilty one!" said the conquered knight, in a faint voice.

Straightway the deathlike stillness was broken by a shout which showed what hold Blanche had upon the affections of her people. When the applause had ceased, the people looked again to the lists, for there, above the dead body of his foe the champion had fallen senseless—almost lifeless. Learned leeches were summoned to attend him, for as for his opponent he wanted nothing upon earth. It was only when they undid the claspings of his helmet and gorget that the face of the victor was seen, and though stained with blood and dust, the quick eye of affection and gratitude discerned the noble countenance of Don Raymondo de Covilha. He had heard of the doom of the lovely Blanche, and convinced of her innocence, he had become her champion—with what success the reader already knows. It was not until many weary days that the gallant young Raymondo recovered, and became able to bear the weight of his armor; but the tedium of his recovery was lessened by the gratitude of Blanche, and a still dearer feeling in the breast of Isabelle. The prince, ashamed of his former mistrust, redoubled his tenderness, and at the nuptials of Raymondo and Isabelle, he is reported to have said to Don Garcia:

"My father, I am a soldier, and have seen many a stout struggle, but never did I see mortal man fight like he who has for his motto, '*Jus vincit.*'"

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY ARVILLA THAYER.

A lovely flower did sweetly bloom
Within the garden of my heart,
But nought could stay the fearful doom
That bid its glories all depart.

But yet not all, for memory still
With pensive pleasure loves to trace,
With more than boasted artist's skill,
Each look, and smile, and living grace.

One little lock of golden hair,
A sad memento still I keep,
Of that sweet infant once so fair,
So early called in death to sleep.

But snares, alas, are thickly set,
Along the untried paths of youth,
And scalding, bitter tears oft wet
The cheek of innocence and truth.

Earth's blighted hopes and wasting cares
Her gentle spirit cannot know;
Reflecting thus I dry my tears,
And meekly bear the heavy blow.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A FAMILY JAR.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

Once in a while there may be a "household war," where the fault is all on one side, but this is not generally the case. If all the wars of this description could be thoroughly sifted down, it would be found that the whole trouble has resulted from some slight cause to begin with, though this might not always be the case. It is amusing, as well as mortifying, to observe how sympathy can sway the public mind in regard to such matters, and how ready people are to denounce this one, or that one, according as mere sympathy or prejudice may dictate.

Among my early friends, was Ned Cruden. He was a steady, industrious, noble-hearted fellow, and one of the most faithful and true friends. Among our schoolmates was a girl named Abby Bicknell. She was a kind playmate, a warm hearted companion, and a good-natured, loving, accommodating friend. When she grew up she became Ned Cruden's wife, and the newly married couple moved away.

Some years passed, and we that had been schoolmates in youth, had become separated, and amid new scenes and new associations the friends of earlier years were gradually passing from memory, when, one spring, business called me to the village of L——, in Vermont. I had been there some days, and was entering a store one afternoon, when I met a man coming out whose countenance was familiar. He passed on without noticing me, and I went into the store. For some time my mind was busy trying to recall the face I had just seen, but ere I could solve the question, my attention was called to a conversation which was going on among a number of men who sat on some boxes and barrels in one corner of the store.

"I know anybody wouldn't suspect such a thing to look at him," said a dried up man who was smoking a pipe; "but it's a fact. I had it from his next-door neighbor. He actually kicked his wife out of the house only three days ago."

"O, they live dreffful onhappy," chimed in a gawkyish-looking fellow who reminded me of an old cider barrel. "Ned beats her and kicks her the worst kind. One day when I was there to work—ye see we'd jest gone in to dinner—I seed Ned take her by the nap of the neck an' chuck her into the little bed-room. By mitey, he was savage, now, you'd better believe."

"Well, I guess his wife aint one of the best women as ever was," remarked the third speaker.

"Go-whittaker!" I reckon she aint," exclaimed a youthful smoker. "My eyes, shouldn't I like to have the handling of that woman 'bout a month!"

"And what would yo do?" asked the first speaker, rather dubiously.

"Do? Why, I'd trim her down. I'd larn her manners."

"I reckon she'd larn you manners, or else take the hair out of yer head," observed another. "Why, I tell ye she's a perfect satan—a real she devil,—when she gits agoin'."

I stood and listened to the conversation, and ere long I made out that they were talking about Ned Cruden; and then I knew it must have been Ned whom I met in the door-way. I was assured, from what I heard, that Ned and his wife lived unhappily together, and the thing surprised me not a little. If Ned Cruden and Abby Bicknell make an unhappy match, then what sort of people must be required for a happy one, I thought to myself. I knew that Ned was a proud-spirited, independent fellow, but then what possible quality could Abby have that should come in contact with this? I could think of nothing. In short, I began to discredit the truth of what I had heard.

On the very next day I found where Ned lived, and called upon him. I found him in his barn, and he was glad to see me, and after a while his joy increased beyond all thought of care and trouble.

"And how is Abby?" I asked, after we had conversed on various other topics.

His countenance fell in a moment, but I could see that he was struggling to hide his real feelings from me.

"O, she's so-so," he replied at length. "She'll be glad to see you."

In a little while we went to the house, and when I saw Abby I was at first struck with the wondrous change that had been wrought in her countenance. She had grown older, to be sure, but then she looked twenty years older than when I had last seen her before. It required but a single glance for me to see that there was difficulty somewhere. At length, however, after Abby had got warmed up, she was as kind and genial as of old, and her eyes sparkled with the same old fire.

It was now in the forenoon, and they would not listen to my going away that day. Abby assured me that they had room for true friends, and declared that I should not escape her so easily as to come and go on the same day. I had no particular business to call me away, and as soon as I was assured that I should have a pleasant visit, I agreed to stop. The afternoon I spent with Ned along the trout brook, and the evening we spent at home.

When I went to bed I had made up my mind that Ned and his wife were two good souls, and that they ought to live happily together. And yet I knew that they did not. Awake to every look and motion, I had seen enough to assure me that they were miserable at times. I could translate every look, and I knew what it meant. I knew all the while how Ned's thoughts were running while he was silently wishing that his wife would always be as good as she was then. And I could read Abby's every thought while she was wishing that her home might ever be pleasant.

There was only one disagreeable thing in the house to me, and that was the strong stench of tobacco smoke that pervaded every part of it. Even my chamber smelled so strong of it that I was forced to sit at the open window some time before retiring.

On the following morning, after breakfast, I went out with Ned to the barn, and I resolved to ask him the question that lay upon me with a painful force. I had the best of motives, for I believed I could help him. Moreover, we used to be most intimate, and I knew he would not take offence; so I broached the matter.

"Ned, you will excuse me, but I must ask you a few questions."

He looked at me uneasily, as though he knew what was coming.

"I heard some strange stories in one of the stores day before yesterday, and I must know the truth of them. I know you will pardon me, for I assure you I have only a generous motive in asking."

Thereupon I went on and told him what I had heard. Ned looked like one stricken.

"And has it come to this?" he uttered, clasping his hands.

"I heard some strange stories in one of the stores day before yesterday, and I must know the truth of them. I know you will pardon me, for I assure you I have only a generous motive in asking."

"To be talked of publicly thus," he answered.

"It has, Ned," I said, as kindly as I could, at the same time taking his hand. "And now you must tell me all. You and Abby were once my best friends, and when you were married I felt sure you would be as happy as could be. Now what does this mean?"

"Alas, we are not happy," he groaned. "I have put her out of the house once; and once I shut her up. But O, if you could only hear her tongue. My God, how I have suffered!"

"But surely, Ned, there must be some cause for this. I know that Abby is not malignant by nature. Now tell me all. Tell me what caused your first quarrel."

"Why, I'll tell you: The first difficulty we ever had was about my pipe. She wasn't going to let me smoke in the house. Of course I wouldn't be snubbed in that fashion. Then, shortly after that, I had some men at work for me, and after dinner we laid our pipes on the kitchen shelf, and when we came to look for them after supper, they were gone. I saw some of the broken pieces in the fire-place, and I knew Abby had broke 'em up. That was the first real event in our catalogue of troubles, for after the men were gone we had some talk, I can assure you."

The whole truth flashed upon me now.

"Who were those men that worked for you that day?" I asked.

He named them, and I recognized three of them as men whom I had seen in the store.

"I see it all, Ned."

"And don't you think she is to blame?"

"Why—you'll pardon me, I know—but I think you gave the first deep cause of trouble. I know Abby's taste, and I know that tobacco smoke is disgusting to her. Why, Ned, as sure as I am alive, I could not live in a house which smelled so strong of tobacco smoke as yours does. Even last night I had to open my window, and sit by it half an hour to get a little sweet air. I have been blamed by my friends several times, because I would not allow them to smoke in my house. The smoke of a pipe is a sure sickness to my wife, and I will not allow it. Now think of it: Think of your wife—with a delicate frame, a more sensitive organization than yours—coming into her kitchen and finding four great, dirty men puffing out clouds of nasty, filthy smoke, each whiff of which is enough to sicken her and make her head ache. And more, too: She knows that you are aware of her wishes, for she has told them to you a hundred times. When you are gone she sees the pipes laying upon her shelf. With an aching head and sickening soul she looks at them, and knows that she must pass through the ordeal again and again. She is not herself—she is but a passion and disgust wrought up by tobacco smoke—and she takes the filthy abomination and breaks it at once. Now tell me truly, Ned; isn't all this the result of your pipe?"

He looked down upon the barn floor, but made no answer.

"I know it is," I resumed, "and I know that if you would drop that, you would restore peace—"

"Stop, stop," he cried. "I can't give up my pipe just to suit a woman's whim. I wont be tied down in that way."

"Then why not smoke out of doors?"

"Suppose it rains? And then what shall I do in winter?"

"Why, if you must smoke in winter, let your tobacco smoke go where you make all your other smoke go. Stick your head into the fire-place and smoke up chimney."

Ned fairly smiled.

"I'm in earnest," I added, "for I can assure you your pipe smoke is as offensive to your wife, as the smoke of burning wood is to you. But I ask you candidly—how can you expect Abby to be happy when she is continually annoyed by a nuisance which is absolutely sickening to her, and that, too, when it could be all remedied simply by your taking your pipe out of doors, or into the wood-house? And certainly you cannot expect a person to be pleasant when they are continually unhappy. Now mark me, Ned, I don't mean to say that you are alone in the wrong; but I ask you: Do you love Abby well enough to forego a little comfort of evil habit for her real good?"

Ned hesitated. He twice made up his mouth to speak before he made out.

"Is a pipe offensive to your wife?" he asked.

"Not only offensive, but it is absolutely injurious. She cannot be in a room where an old pipe is being smoked, five minutes without a head-ache. I used to smoke, but I at length became so disgusted with the stench which pervaded my house, and moreover, I found that my wife was so opposed to it, that I gave it up. Her mere fussing about the smoke would never have moved me, had I not been assured that she was really annoyed by it. And surely, I thought, if my wife must stay in the house nearly all the time, and if her place of duty must be there confined, I will not, to gratify a mere whim, make her suffer. I used, after that, to smoke out of doors, but it was not always convenient, and I gradually gave it up."

Just at this moment one of the neighbors came in, and our conversation stopped.

I remained to dinner, and promised to call on them again before I left town.

I did so at the expiration of a week. I then walked out to Ned's place, and got there just after dinner, and I found him out on the chopping-block, smoking.

"Ha, Ned," I uttered, "have you moved your pipe?"

"Don't say a word," he replied, while a dewy moisture gathered in his eyes. "I haven't smoked in the house since."

"And Abby?" I said.

"I told her that very night that if she'd never speak a cross word to me again, I would never allow another pipe to be smoked in our house."

"And what did she say?"

"She looked me in the face a moment—I smiled—and then she burst out a crying. She hung around my neck—told me she'd done wrong—begged me to forgive her—and—and—we had a regular scene. By the powers, she's improved already."

"I should think she improved at once," said I.

"O, I mean in health and looks. She hasn't had a head-ache since."

When I went in I found Abby singing as merrily as a lark. When she saw me she dropped her towel and started towards me. She did not speak one word touching the joyful turn affairs had taken beneath her roof. But I knew what that quick, warm grasp meant, and I could read the language of that glistening tear.

I went away shortly after that, and in three years from that time I visited L—— again. My first call this time was upon Ned Cruden, and again I found him in his barn. Never moved a friend to greet me more quickly.

"Ah," I said, as I took his hand, "then you've given up the pipe altogether."

"Who told you?" he asked.

"You did," I replied.

"Me?—I told you?"

"Yes, with your *breath*. It doesn't smell as it did before."

"What?—and was it so bad?" Ned asked.

"To tell you the truth, Ned, it was; for if there is anything that can make a repulsive mouth, it is an old, black tobacco pipe."

Then Abby told the truth. But I've done with it now. Haven't touched a pipe for two years."

"And don't you feel better?"

"*Don't I?* I'd like to see the man that could hire me to go at it again."

We went up to the house, and the first look told the story. The room was clean and sweet, the walls white, and the hearth was free from the filth of tobacco spit. And Abby—Ah, she was Abby once more—Abby of old—happy and joyous, and true as steel.

And as I sat and gazed upon the happy couple I pondered upon that strange element in human nature which will make misery and discord more and more, rather than how one degree to simple reason. But the good dame's merry voice soon dispelled my deep thought, and I was content to know that in that home, at least, the demon of discord had been exorcised by a very little spirit of reason.

MARAT.

A Swiss by birth, a surgeon by profession, an obscure writer, impatient of his obscurity, who sought notoriety and scandal instead of fame. No man of the age nourished in his soul a more sombre and concentrated detestation of society, because it gave no place to his scientific systems, to his social ideas, or to his suffering pride. Suddenly he was thrown into his congenial element, in the midst of the ruins and anarchy which the revolutionary turmoil had accumulated at his feet. Of these ruins he quickly constructed a tribune for himself, for he by instinct divined that it was his part to be the Marius of the Faubourgs. His seditious fury was more dangerous than that of Camille Desmoulins, because it was more sincere. Fanaticism is the moving force of revolutions. Marat was the fanatic of the people; the people were not long in becoming the fanatics of Marat. His style—uncultured, savage, keen—abounding in vulgar images, derived from tears and blood, yet softened by passionate and earnest declamations on social iniquities and the exactness of wages—was as the sigh of a woman when it touched on the unfortunate, but as the growl of a lion when it turned against the happy. He made himself at once a representative of public calamities.—*Lamartine.*

NOVELTIES OF UTAH.

A private letter from Provo City, Utah county, Utah Territory (fifty miles from Great Salt Lake), says: "We are in sight of snow the year round. We can pick flowers with one hand and gather snow with the other. It is warm in the valleys, healthy, pleasant, fruitful, will seldom any rain; but we have plenty of mountain streams to irrigate our fields and gardens; so that the latter do not suffer for want of moisture. We have no fever and ague; there is always a mountain breeze which affords a very pure atmosphere. We have been busily engaged in making sugar, which is manufactured from a sort of honey-dew or sugar coating, which falls on the leaves of the cotton-wood trees, and resembles the frosting on cake. There have several thousand pounds of sugar been made from this substance within a few days, and it sells readily at forty cents per pound."—*Memoirs of Sir R. M. Keith.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FAT WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

BY TOPSY TURVY.

It is not much that flesh can give,
Like that it takes away,
Less welcome is this load of fat
Than mere genteel decay;
I've tried in vain to span my waist,
But that I never can—
Though it is short—and we are told
That life is but a span!

It may look well in story books,
A dimple soft and fair—
And rounded arms in poetry
Have quite a taking air;
But O, when Sirius rages, 'tis
Quite melting to behold,
My Grecian arms preparing
For a shapely candle-mould!

Then, too, I would give, Heaven knows,
Full forty pounds at least,
To wear a look ethereal,
As inlets fade in the east;
Suggesting thoughts of lamps and books,
My cheeks might furnish fire—
And O, their boundless waste—of fat,
As much as you desire.

'Tis all in vain to sigh for grace,
Or learn the polka right,—
Some little sylphy simpleton
Will sneer—"She is a fright!"
And half-grown mustachios will curl,
And leaden eyes will ope,
And leering voices mutter, "Jove!
The beams are strong, I hope."

Now, if a woman ever seems
A grace, a queen, a sylph—
It is on horseback—but, alas!
I may not dare myself;
For, like a monstrous lump of dough
Taking an airing, I
Would look—or say a hemlock tree
Painted against the sky.

We read of fond, wild yearnings
For the beautiful unseen,
The world of shadows—I would be
A shade before a queen!
O, I have dreamed of snowy wings,
And like a bird could soar,
And I have woke—to waddle with
One hundred fifty-four.

I cannot figure in the ranks
Of fashion or of pleasure—
A "basque" would make me a balloon,
A "hoop" a rounded measure.
I cannot sing—my voice would sound
So under ground and sickly;
I cannot play a part, though slow,
Except 'tis "Mrs. Quickley."

'Tis useless—I can never stay
This tide of fat, or be
"A body-less enjoyment," ah!
Or "breathing harmony."
I may be "some" on tenderloin,
But never sum of ten;
I may be aught save one to please
The poet-eyes of men.

I call the Muses, and they come,
But ah, the Graces linger—
I may not win a heart, but beads
I wind around my finger;
Men read my verses, and they say,
I must be "pale and stately;"
They see me—and at once declare,
They were "Mis-taken greatly!"

In summer I'm in melting mood,
In winter I am freezing—
I cannot walk against the wind—
A lull is not more pleasing:
Ye Fates! who spun my thread of life
In such a bungling way—
What can I do but string poor rhymes,
Grow fat, and laugh away!

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.

Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Malborough is a case in point. It is said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and, by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace, than to receive one from other men. The gracious manners of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at the time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of our own country is full of examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in his behalf, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is in fact, what beauty is to women; it is a general passport to favor; a letter of recommendation written in a language that every stranger understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two men, equal in all respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune.—*Philadelphia Post.*

CHRISTIANS RELAPSING INTO PAGANISM.

It is said that since Ceylon became subject to the Christian Queen of England, it has become much more of a heathen country than it was before. Three hundred years ago the Portuguese made great efforts to convert the natives to the Roman Catholic faith. When the Dutch got possession of the island, they divided it into 240 parishes; built numerous churches, translated numerous portions of the Bible into the native tongues, maintained European missionaries, and even compelled the natives to be baptized. In 1795, when the island fell into the hands of the English, there were 350,000 native Protestant Christians. In the first year of British rule, 300 heathen temples were built in one province only; in sixteen years, more than half the native Protestant Christians abandoned their religion; and in 1851 the whole number of Christians in connection with all the Protestant missions was said to be only 18,046!—*English Paper.*

LOOKING DEATH IN THE FACE.

As she sat in her chair, she (Maria Theresa of Austria) reclined her head back, and seemed inclined to slumber. One of the women arranged the cushions around her dying sovereign, and asked in a whisper if her majesty would compose herself to sleep? "No," said the empress (raising herself), "I could sleep, but death is too near; and I must not let him steal upon me in that way. I have been preparing for his approach these fifteen years, and I am resolved to look him in the face without fear or terror." And she did so; for she ordered her physician to give her notice aloud when death was at hand, and she employed her parting breath in thanking Heaven, and blessing her people and her children.—*Memoirs of Sir R. M. Keith.*

Jester's Picnic.

We were visiting at a house the other evening, where there were a number of young children. One of them had the measles, one the whooping cough, and another was afflicted with the young poultry pox. They all were receiving the greatest sympathy and attention, while one little girl about five years old, sat in a corner, crying bitterly. We asked her what was the matter? She replied breaking out in a heart-breaking gush of tears, "Every one of the other children's got the measles and the whooping cough, and I aint got nothin'—boo hoo! hoo!"

A demijohn was set out by a grocer's door in New York, with the owner's name written on the back of a playing card—the nine of clubs—which was tied to the handle.

"That is dangerous," said an individual who had been gazing sometime at the vessel; "dangerous to leave the article exposed in that way with that card."

"How so?" inquired his friend.

"Because some one might come along with the ten spot and take it."

"Please, sir, lend Pappy your knife to make a pen with?"

"Certainly, my son, here it is."

Youth returns with the knife; "Pappy's done with it."

"I should think he was. Why, what in the dickens has he been doing with it? I thought he wanted to make a pen?"

"So he did; but I forgot to say it was a *pig pen.*"

Exit youth a little in advance of an old boot.

In the Boston Theatre, while Rachel was playing her celebrated part of Adrienne, an old countryman—who had the night previous seen Eliza Logan in the same character—during the middle of the fifth act, exclaimed, in an audible tone: "Well, I don't know what you're talking about, but that's the place where Eliza Logan made me cry. Go away, French; Yankee gal beats you," and he made his exit singing Yankee Doodle, accompanied by the cheers and laughter of the audience.

"Why have you volunteered?" said a rather careworn, newly enrolled volunteer, to a very fine looking country soldier.

"Why, I volunteered because I have no wife, and go for war," was the reply, "and now why have you volunteered?"

"Ah," said the careworn little man—for he was little—with a significant sigh. "I have volunteered because I have a wife, and go in for peace!"

A country schoolmaster happening to be reading of the curious skin of an elephant, asked one of his pupils if he ever saw an elephant's skin.

"Yes, sir, I have," shouted a little six year old.

"Where?" asked the teacher, quite amused by the little boy's earnestness.

"On the elephant," replied the youngster.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript says: "Some one characterizing society in our cities, the other night, well remarked that at a stranger's *début* in Boston the first inquiry is—'What does he know?' in New York—'What is he worth?' in Philadelphia —'Who is he?' and in Washington—'Is he agreeable?'"

Rev. Dr. Woods of Andover, was once giving his class some good instructions about preaching, so as to obtain attention and gain applause. "Young gentlemen," said he, "it is all contained in a nut-shell. When you go to preach in a city, put on your best coat, but when you go to preach in the country, take your best sermon."

Irish servant, to lady in intelligence office. "Well, then, if you'll give me eight dollars a month, and three afternoons in the week, and time for church three times a day on Sunday, and eggs and fish every Friday, and your references from your last cook are satisfactory, I think the place will suit me."

"Pap, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, "and what do you think came up?"

"Why, potatoes, of course."

"No, sir-ee! There came up a drove of hogs, and eat them all."

The "old man gin in."

A fashionable lady at a watering place had a favorite lap dog, which she called Perchance.

"A singular name for a beautiful pet, madam, Where did you find it?"

"O," drawled she, "it was named from Byron's dog. You remember he says, 'Perchance, my dog, will howl!'"

An Irish post-boy, having driven a gentleman a long stage-ride during torrents of rain, the gentleman said to him:

"Boy, are you not very wet?"

"Arrah, I don't care about being very wet, but please your honor, I'm very dry."

Mrs. Jones being at an auction sale, bought a door-plate with the name of Robinson on it. On being asked by her husband her reason for the purchase, she answered, "If you should happen to die, and I should happen to marry a man named Robinson, think how handy it would be."

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